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The Only Paper that Dares to Tell You All The Truth

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NOTES OF THE WEEK

Let Us Be Honest

Conscription is the only fair system. In no other country but this were conscientious objectors permitted during the War. If anyone is allowed to wriggle out of the duty of defending his own country he is proved to have no conscience whatever.

**

Even G.B.S.

It is not often that we agree with Mr. Bernard Shaw, but we can only applaud the point of view which he expressed the other day in the *Morning Post*: "Let us build 20 more battleships and a thousand more aeroplanes and declare honestly that we are doing so because we like to feel strong and can afford it, and that all the rest are welcome to do the same to the limit of their resources, and no harm is done."

**

Austria Too

Conscription prevails in nearly every country except Great Britain and the whole nation gains by its youth learning a little discipline and self-sacrifice. Austria, we understand, is introducing compulsory military service under a veil. Anyone who wants to become a State or municipal public servant must first volunteer for military service, and, as such jobs are among the most sought after in the country, it is likely that there will be plenty of volunteers.

**

The Smug Deceiver

Sir Samuel Hoare is one of those smug, self-satisfied creatures who find it as easy to deceive themselves as to deceive others. Some two and a half years ago he was assuring the public that no All-India Federation Bill could possibly be pro-

duced "until we know in detail and for certain that the Indian States are going to be an effective part of the Federation." To-day he is in an all-fired hurry to rush his India Federation Bill through Parliament, and he has blandly informed the Princes through the Government of India that "it is not the intention of His Majesty's Government at this stage to seek from them any undertaking to enter Federation." Inconsistency? Perish the thought! There is no uncertainty about the States eventually coming in: a little pressure can do no one any harm.

Equally idiotic, he would argue, for the Princes to say that they had been grossly misled. True, they did inform him that the settlement of their claims in regard to Paramountcy was "a condition precedent" to their acceptance of Federation. But what of that? Paramountcy is simply Paramountcy and that is all there is to it.

**

Princes and Paramountcy

Sir Samuel Hoare may be pleased with himself over his latest White Paper. But the weakness of his special pleading must be obvious to all who understand and appreciate the difficulties of the Princes' position in an Indian world which Sir Samuel Hoare and Ramsay MacDonald are hastening to make safe for Congress.

The Indian Princes certainly had no intention, in raising the issue of Paramountcy, of "questioning the nature of their relationship to the King-Emperor." That suggestion on Sir Samuel's part is a veritable red-herring across the trail. What the Princes have been anxious all along to avoid is that they shall be handed over bound to Indian politicians. They realise only too well that it is the Government's intention to scuttle from India at the earliest possible moment. When the surrender is completed the Indian politicians will

be perfectly free and independent. The "Federation" will have inherited the Government of India's exercise of Paramountcy, and the Princes will find themselves, not equal partners with British India, but entirely subservient thereto.

That is their fear and Sir Samuel Hoare's White Paper and the India Bill show that their apprehension is well grounded.

* *

Hoare and Chelsea

Sir Samuel Hoare's self-centred fanaticism is such that, when the other day a powerful body of Conservative opinion in Chelsea, his own constituency, in a most modestly-worded petition, begged him to agree to postpone the operation of the India proposals for a few years more, he refused to receive it. Few M.P.'s dare treat their own supporters with such contempt as this and retain their confidence. This attitude of peevishness is what might be expected of Sir Samuel Hoare, for he is entirely a second-rate politician who only reached his position by being a good party man, and not at all on his merits either as statesman, personality or orator. It will give an added impulse to the movement to put up an independent Conservative in Chelsea, who will stand a very great chance of ousting Sir Samuel Hoare from the seat.

* *

Norwood's Debt to Findlay

In certain quarters the result of the Norwood by-election was received with a great deal of glee as evidence of the continued popularity of the "National" Government. One paper remarked that Mr. Findlay's poor support showed the opposition to the Government's India Bill in its true proportions. It did nothing of the sort, for Mr. Sandys gained the support of Conservatives by definitely pledging to oppose the present Bill when he deemed it necessary and promised to preserve an independent outlook. It was this promise, added to his undertaking to support a strong policy of Air defence, that caused a number of Conservatives in the constituency to cast their votes for him; and, since Mr. Findlay and Mr. Randolph Churchill were the means of putting backbone into Mr. Sandys, who otherwise would have been as spineless as most Government nominees, they performed a meritorious task. The Norwood electors, as we know from personal contact, would have preferred to have stood by Mr. Findlay, but they were nervous of letting in the Socialist. Mr. Sandys did not win the seat by merit but by the power of the caucus.

* *

Inviting a Snub

What alone could make worth while a visit to Berlin by Sir John Simon was, as we said

when it was first mooted, the prospect, if not the assurance, that Hitler would draw aside the veil of secrecy which hid the rearmament of Germany. But Hitler himself has meanwhile torn down the veil, and Simon's visit is now absolutely unjustified. It is useless to urge as an excuse for Sir John's going to Berlin that he may find Hitler willing to make some reduction in the size of the German Army or other concession. For Hitler has announced that the decisions he has made are irrevocable. The only result that can be expected is another snub for our wretched Government. No doubt, a well-deserved snub, but none the less most galling to every patriotic Briton.

Just as our fatuous Government wobbled towards Hitler after his withdrawal from the League and the Disarmament Conference in October, 1933, but without the slightest success in inducing any change in his policy, so, by sending Simon to Berlin in face of Hitler's announcement of rearmament, it is wobbling again in the same direction—and the upshot will be the same. But what an odiously humiliating position for England and the Empire! Away with such a Government!

* *

Poland's Reaction

Hitler's announcement produced the reactions in Paris and Rome which might have been anticipated; since their Pact was signed early in January, France and Italy are moving in close accord. In Poland, however, the reaction was much more marked, with a particular significance. Up to a short time ago Poland had been drawing towards Germany as France was drawing towards Soviet Russia. Marshal Pilsudski, who keeps a lone hand on the foreign policy of his country, is a "Russian Pole" and is by nature far more suspicious of Russia than of Germany; had he been born a "German Pole" the reverse would be the case. This does not mean that he is Germanophil, and when he made the Ten-Years Peace Pact with Hitler last year, he did so with his eyes open, and took good care not to reduce his formidable army. Hitler's announcement must have opened his eyes still more, for Poland is now turning away from Germany—and here is an opportunity for France which, if it is seized, may make all the difference in Europe.

* *

Hitler's Next Move

On the Continent it is taken for granted that in the absence of positive measures to control Hitler, his next move may be either the German re-occupation in force of what is known as the "Demilitarised Area," or a demand for the return of Memel and Memelland or some other former German territory. In Germany there is a persistent propaganda in favour of a plebiscite in the Memel district on the analogy of the Saar, the

claim being advanced that the result would be a similar gain for the Reich. It is true that the Saar Song has been replaced by the Memel Song, which is now associated with the Hort Wessel Lied just as the other had been before, at all Nazi meetings, but it seems more probable that it will be the Demilitarised Area that will next claim Hitler's attention, and this will strain Franco-German relations still farther.

**

Trade Routes During War

The recent Fleet exercises in the Atlantic, which ended last Saturday, were designed chiefly to gain further experience in the vital problem of protection of trade routes during war. The results, as one might expect, have amply borne out the frequent warnings given by Lord Jellicoe, Lord Beatty and others on the necessity for additional light craft to undertake this duty.

The attack on shipping carried out by the Blue (Mediterranean) Fleet, resulted in very serious losses of merchantmen, which the Red (Atlantic) Fleet was powerless to prevent, due to lack of suitable ships to cover and patrol the trade routes. The *Saturday Review* has frequently called atten-

tion in its columns to the serious lack of cruisers and destroyers and the great danger to sea-borne trade that this entails. Where a great nation is dependent on the sea for her supplies, it is nothing short of national suicide to deny the means of protection to her mercantile fleet.

**

The Power of Prayer

A letter to the *Daily Sketch* Relief Fund adds just one more proof of the practical power of prayer. The mother writes that her children were without food and there was no money in the house. She knelt down and prayed, and a few minutes later there was a knock at the door and a helper of the Fund brought her all that she was desiring, not for herself but for her children.

**

Norwood

For one glad moment at Wavertree
Conservatism was again set free,
But, mean and jealous,
Those pledged to defend it
Fought tooth and nail
At Norwood to rend it.

L. H.

THE GOOSE STEP

[Being some random observations on the state of Europe]

THE only altar that Nazis
Worship at is Mars's,
Or that Scandinavian wallah
Who lived in Valhalla.

As for Christianity,
They regard it as sheer inanity,
And pastors who venture to mention
It incur domiciliary detention.

Time has failed to sharpen
The wits of Herr von Papen,
So he still tells the German *mutter*
That her business is to produce *kannonfutter*.

Herren Julius Streicher
And Rosenberg alike err
In denying Aryan blood
To those who read the Talmud.

Moreover the German skull (it
Is frequently shaped like a bullet)
According to the scientists affords
No evidence that the Germans are Nords.

The voice of Herr Hittler
Never grows any littler,
And can be heard from afar
Even when he has the catarrh.

Yet peace would be securer
If matters were left to the *Führer*,
And if General Goering
Were not there to keep things stirring.

As for that chap who bumbles
On the wireless—Dr. Goebbels,
The gist of most of his sallies
Is "*Deutschland über Alles*."

Hourly the German labours
To live at peace with his neighbours,
And the greater his will to peace is,
The more his army increases.

While our statesmen scold and bleat he
Has scuppered the Versailles Treaty,
And greatly to France's alarm is
Conscripting German armies.

We ourselves used to say
That the Huns were a nation of prey,
So the French have reason to frown,
When we take it all lying down.

To let John Simon whirl in
And peddle his pacts in Berlin
When Hitler chooses to call
Doesn't seem right at all.

We'd much better save our faces,
For Fritz has kicked over the traces,
And the clank of the German sabre's
Much louder than that of his neighbour's.

He's stirred up the War God's Towsers,
And kicked the League in the trousers,
And made himself cock of the walk,
No wonder he's willing to talk!

HAMADRYAD.

GRAVE SUSPICION

By **LADY HOUSTON, D.B.E.**

THIS assumption of despotic force by the Government vis-a-vis the Princes of India and the people of this country to force and compel them to accept the White Paper can only be described as grossly impertinent, not to be permitted by a free people, and it is well that the Government should be plainly told what people are saying and thinking about it.

GRAVE suspicion is rife, every day brings more conviction to these suspicions and what they suspect becomes a certainty, for no English Government has ever dared to assume such autocratic authority as this, twisting and turning the pronouncement of the Princes and actually altering the entire meaning of the very plain language the Princes have used—for it is unparelled in the history of English Governments.

“What is the reason for all this?” people are asking.

IT must be a very sinister one—something they are ashamed of and dare not reveal—and at once the very extraordinary intimacy that has existed between this Government and the Russian Soviet comes uppermost in the minds of all.

BUT however Sir Samuel Hoare attempts to misrepresent the language of the Princes the final results will be that the Princes will, and can, as a last resource, appeal to the King and make the very right and natural request that His Majesty will uphold the solemn promise his grandmother, Queen Victoria, made to them, **AND THIS CANNOT BE REFUSED**. And moreover, no one wishing for justice must permit the Government to arrogate to themselves the right of settling this question off-hand, which they are in such an indecent hurry and so extremely

anxious to do, FOR THIS RIGHT DOES NOT EXIST. AND THEY MUST NOT BE PERMITTED TO ASSUME IT.

Where is the precedent for such an upheaval of an Empire?

There is none, and while England stands none can be allowed.

WHERE is John Bull to-day? Echo answers where? For you are all so mealy-mouthed you dare not accuse the men who are guilty of having dragged down and destroyed the country's defences and laid it bare and unprotected, and who not so long ago would have been impeached, but you actually say nothing at the disgrace of them being given a peerage for having decimated everything that Englishmen have been taught to love and honour. AND YET THIS SHAMEFUL NEGLECT OF DUTY IN THE LAST WAR WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR THAT WAR.

AND now INDIA, the brightest jewel in the Crown of England, is being treated like a bit of worthless paste by men who behave as if it was their own private property to do with as they like, without consulting the will of the people to whom it belongs and who are responsible for having polished it and brought it to its present state of civilisation.

UNPATRIOTIC, ignorant men, who *for obvious reasons* have been made Ministers of the Crown, dictate and lay down the law and pretend they have the right to dispose of a whole Continent that has proudly been administered with such perfect equity and justice by Englishmen whose shoes Sir Samuel Hoare is not worthy to unloose.

WHAT does Sir Samuel Hoare know about India? I believe that he once went there for a week-end. And yet men like Sir Michael O'Dwyer, Lord Lloyd—and Ranji, loved by us all in England—all declared that to do this was an infamy, and so rude was the Viceroy to this splendid Indian Prince that he retired, insulted and broken-hearted, into his house and died for very shame. LET SIR SAMUEL HOARE SHOW HIS CREDENTIALS AND HIS RIGHT TO DO THIS BLACK AND DASTARDLY CRIME. HE CANNOT. FOR HE HAS NONE.

AND all this has come about because you are all afraid of being John Bull like your forefathers were—and roundly denouncing this man who is not a Statesman but only a pirouetting mountebank.

The Mask is Off

By Kim

GERMANY has thrown aside the mask she has worn with irksomeness for the last two years. Seizing the opportunity when the French Government decided that it must extend service with the colours, Herr Hitler immediately made it his excuse to act. He received our Ambassador, Sir Eric Phipps, on the day following and told him that Germany was creating an army of 12 corps headquarters and 36 divisions, estimated at 500,000 men forthwith. Joyful crowds sang in the Berlin streets, and there is no doubt that Herr Hitler represents the overwhelming sentiments of the German people.

Such is the *fait accompli*. We shall probably know the truth directly regarding the strength of Germany's Air Force and it will be sufficient to give a cold shiver up the spine of the authorities at the Air Ministry who prepared the Estimates, with their paltry increase, when they will have to make good Mr. Baldwin's recent pledge that our Air Force must be strong enough to withstand our nearest neighbours. This pledge, inadequate as it is, refers to Germany, like his earlier statement when he said that the air had altered frontiers and ours was on the Rhine.

There Must be No Delay

The question we must now see to is that Mr. Baldwin's pledge is made good, for the debate on Tuesday in the House revealed the fact that members as a whole do not even yet realise the enormous disparity between our Air Force and the secret building, assembling, and training of Germany's air weapons. General Goering showed off his newly created Air Force in Berlin last Monday amid enormous enthusiasm, and no one, not even the Bishops and Socialists, can believe that Germany is parading these forces with peaceful intentions.

None the less, as realists, we should welcome Herr Hitler's bluntness. We know at least where we stand. It is self-evident that the Treaty of Versailles is from now on a dead letter, although in effect it was before. The sham façade of Geneva has been thrown down and the pacifists, the defeatists, and the war-mongers of the Socialist Party must at least realise that even they can no longer pretend. They cannot cry Peace, Peace, where there is no peace, and in that sense Herr Hitler has rendered us a good service.

What is the likely situation as a result? Germany is feeling her feet and is getting ready for coming events. It is understood that she has a pact with Poland against Russia, in exchange for the Danzig Corridor and Upper Silesia, her original territories. Some say there is a secret entente with Japan, in the event of a war with

Russia, whereby each will support the other, and whether it be an entente or secret alliance we have to thank our defeatists at home who threw Japan, mistress of the Far East, into the arms of Germany.

The Moscow gang of murderers, who, of course, were the instigators behind the scenes of the late Socialist Government's unfriendly attitude towards Japan, are terrified of Hitler and Japan. Ever since Herr Hitler came into power and destroyed Communism in Germany, Comrades Stalin and Litvinoff have set to work to seek allies wherever they can find dupes. This is why their anti-British propaganda has been sung in a minor key for some time and they hope to reap the harvest when Mr. Anthony Eden goes to Moscow. Their object is to tie us to assist them—of all people in the world!

The so-called Eastern Pact was exposed in the *Saturday Review* by Mr. Robert Machray quite recently as the invention of Comrade Litvinoff, the Soviet Foreign Commissar, and it is ostensibly to induce Germany to become a party to it that Sir John Simon is booked to visit Berlin. A year ago a Franco-Russian Pact was discussed, as a return for which the Soviet offered to join the League. In June last, Czechoslovakia and Rumania formally recognised Soviet Russia, but on the other hand neither Germany nor Poland would have anything to do with it. In September the Soviet joined the League with the benevolent approval of our Government and since then efforts have been made to get the Pact signed, with or without Germany and Poland. Yet, naturally, the Balkan States do not wish to be parties to a Pact which in the event of war between Russia and Germany would make them enemies *de facto* of their powerful neighbours across the Danube.

Benevolent Impotence

The fact is that British diplomacy has been drifting into a dangerous current, whereby, unless very careful, we may wake up some fine morning to find ourselves committed to a new pact whereby we shall actually guarantee the Soviet frontiers both east and west. Sir John Simon's policy has been a kind of benevolent impotence, in which he has gone around rather like an itinerant preacher babbling of peace but in no sort of position to prevent war.

Now, it seems evident, we have come to the crossways. We cannot repudiate Europe neck and crop as Lord Beaverbrook would have us do, for we are too near and too vulnerable. We can make a defensive alliance with France, and be dragged into the next European war which marches hourly nearer with the repudiation of Versailles, and find ourselves quite possibly compelled to take up arms

in support of Russia against Germany and Japan, a grave possibility which none except our pacifists can contemplate except with misgiving. Many of the best informed minds in diplomatic circles to-day believe that the next great war will ferment first in the East, which means between Russia and Japan and it is quite unthinkable that Britain would take up arms against Japan on behalf of Russia. No Government that proposes it would survive for an hour.

What it all means, therefore, is that in order to preserve our own independence and freedom of action and stand by France, Great Britain must set in motion an entirely new policy of re-armament. The present Estimates, showing an increase of some ten millions sterling, become to-day so utterly ludicrous as to be a mere drop in the ocean. So considerable are our necessities, even to render the nation comparatively safe, that no ordinary increase out of income can possibly meet the neglect of many years. We require an additional Air Force of some two thousand planes with the necessary men, works, buildings, and equipment.

As for the Navy, Sir Bolton Eyres-Monsell's statement in the House of Commons last week was most disquieting, for the plain fact emerges that neither in ships nor in personnel can the Navy adequately protect our communications or supplies in case of war. Our policy of restriction, with old ships tinkered up, and a shortage of men is all the more criminal because our Navy is run on oil and practically all of it has to be carried in tankers from the Persian Gulf or from Mexico, which means enormous convoys presenting easy targets to enemy airmen.

Oil can be produced in many places in Britain, but the Government have taken no active steps to

work collieries and produce oil. It is the opinion of naval experts that if war results and we are drawn in, apart from any air attacks on our cities and ports, we should collapse from lack of oil and petrol, to say nothing of foodstuffs, for which the present Government has made us dependent on foreign supplies through lack of a tariff to encourage our own agriculture. Of the Army it is common knowledge that our tanks are few, out-of-date, and our guns are the same. It still possesses the same machine-guns as in 1914, entirely out-of-date.

This is no exaggerated picture. It is the penalty of years of disarmament and disgraceful treaties, like the Treaty of Washington which surrendered our Naval supremacy for nothing in return.

The man responsible above all others is Mr. Ramsay MacDonald. He has been Chairman of the Imperial Defence Committee since the War, longer than any other man. He is still Chairman. He has beggared the Defence Forces of the Crown and deprived them of every essential, and his mentality was shown when he objected to boys' brigades drilling and wearing a distinctive uniform.

Sir Austen Chamberlain made a spirited attack on Major Attlee the other day and said if he talked in the same pacifist vein when the enemy was attacking our cities that he would probably be hanged on the nearest lamp-post by an angry public. The man to whom he should have addressed his remarks was the Prime Minister. *He is the man.* He may produce a White Paper or stand in a White Sheet, but the only way to rectify the betrayal of the nation is not a tinkering with the subject but a huge national effort. It may even compel conscription. Herr Hitler has spoken.

Why Slave Traders Defy Our Navy

By Diomed Wray

THE First Lord of our Admiralty let fall the fact that we still send out fourteen of our smaller warships "with slave-trade instructions." What is behind this startling revelation? Man-hunting on a ferocious scale. The seizure of human "live-stock," even in a Christian Empire—which is also a Member-State of the League of Nations! The chaining and yoking of hapless men, women and children for a wilderness journey of hundreds of miles to the coast. Then their transport—tightly packed like cattle or swine for the slaughter-house—on fast sailing-boats across the Red Sea. And finally, their public sale—again like animals, and with the same "rights" of life-

and-death and liberty—in shops and warehouses, and that in a Holy City to which three hundred millions of devout Moslems turn in worship.

Stranger still, enthroned in that metropolis (whose townsmen style themselves "Neighbours of God"!) is a King who owes his throne to Great Britain—Abdul Aziz Ibn Saud, the warrior Lord of Arabia. In 1927 that Ruler signed the Treaty of Jeddah with us, promising to do his best against the Slave Trade. Now you know why our Navy, even at this hour, keeps a watchful eye on "black ivory" cargoes carried furtively across the Narrow Sea between the world's two hugest Continents.

"I sing of facts"—as the Roman poet insisted—

"though you may think I've invented fictions!" . . . Here, in the sweltering dusk of tropic waters, H.M.'s sloop-of-war *Penzance* lies in wait. Or it may be her sister, *Hastings*. Trim and well-armed are these floating naval "C.I.D.'s," of which the man-stealers—buyers and sellers of flesh and blood in this year of grace!—stand in real terror. Those little warships are of 1,025 tons: each mounts two 4-inch guns, besides the small-arms of their crews. And they steam about 16 knots.

Human Freight

Suddenly wails and cries arise in the dark. A swift Arab dhow or *sambouk* looms vaguely, perhaps with 200-300 hapless victims of all ages and both sexes packed in rows of twenty in the vessel's open waist, and there chained by the legs. Valuable freight is this; worth up to £50-£80 a head when sold as "property" on the long stone benches that serve as display-counters in those incredible "department-stores" of Mecca.

Out slips H.M.S. *Penzance* to give chase—with all the chances of success against her! That slaver carries no lights. Her slender lines, with big lateen and smaller sails, can send her racing at fifteen knots in a "force five" (or moderate) wind. Moreover, her *nokhada*, or master, knows these "hot" waters as he does his own house. He cuts in between lonely islets and rocky shallows, where our Navy's sloop doesn't dare to venture lest she go aground.

Afar off a stately P. & O. liner is seen gleaming with all her serried lamps. Or it may be a 20,000-ton cruising-ship, full of languorous music and song, dancing and feasting and flirting. What can those happy, well-fed holiday-makers know of the grim hunt that is up at this dark hour in the Narrow Sea?

Jettisoned Cargo

Now listen again to our Navy's Minister. He is telling of "this loathsome trade" at a Parliamentary feast, with the Speaker in the Chair, supported by the Primate, Sir John Simon and other Cabinet members. "Only a short time ago" (Sir Bolton told them) "a rumour reached us that some of our ships engaged in this patrol-work were too slow; so that the Arab dhows, in sighting them, had time to tie stones on the slaves' legs and throw them overboard. When we heard that, we sent some of the fastest destroyers we had into the Red Sea . . ."

Yet the Trade continues. Commander Hugh Woodward, R.N., reckons the "live-stock" that escape our naval nets at some 5,000 head each year. Where do they come from? All over Africa, including our own possessions, from the Sudan to Uganda. Abyssinia is a notable raider, with a huge domestic market of her own for these living "goods." The Emperor does his best to put down recruiting and the buying and selling of slaves. But his minor Kings, Rases and Sultans, hold Ethiopia's traditional view: some of these feudal lords own 15,000 slaves!

The pounce of their rifle and spear-men has been described by Lord Hailsham in the Upper House.

They surprise a village in the dark with volleys and shrill trumpets and drums so as to spread panic. Old folks who rush out are slain, the younger ones of both sexes are rounded up for the long road. In public and private these are sold—in that loose realm of a League Member-State! Surplus stocks pass to Arab brokers and middlemen, who convoy them up to the Somali coast.

Any who fall by the way, exhausted or sick, are left for the wild beasts; these are mere "business losses" incidental to The Trade—"this loathsome trade" to which our First Lord alluded in his survey of a "peaceful aspect of the Navy."

Time was when we had fifty-six vessels on watch. But Sir Bolton Eyres Monsell is rather too hopeful in his conclusion that "the day is passed when any large shipment of slaves can be made." For, like the traffic in dope and drugs, a demand exists and well-paid pandars find the supplies. Only last summer one of our cargo-steamers fell in with a swift slaver which had halted for sail-repairs. She carried hundreds of terrified negroes.

A Naval Dilemma

The master of our merchant ship could only send out by wireless the pirate's position, in the hope that one of our Naval patrols would catch her. But the moment her big lateen-sail was up again and filled, away raced that fleet *sambouk* towards her port on the Arabian side. If *Penzance* or *Hastings* had chased her, and she sped among the reefs to escape—what could our sloops do before their quarry disappeared? Clearly, they could not pump live shell into such a jam of helpless humanity.

And even when slavers are seized, what is to be done with their living cargoes after these are set free? The "Trade" remains a bristling problem, even though Italian and French gunboats assist our own Naval forces in detecting it, and some forty nations have signed the League's Slavery Convention.

The present writer has seen men and women sold by public auction in Marrakesh, with salesmen parading "the Strength and the Beauty of the Desert"! An amazing scene was that Garden of Slaves (*el Souk el Abd*) with 100-dollar bids for a hefty negro and thrice as much for an unveiled Moorish maid of the Great Atlas.

That market is gone. Yet many more remain, and others spring up in secret, elusive as the traffic in narcotic drugs. It is absurd to say that all slaves are harshly treated by their owners. The *riqq*-system is quite kindly in King Ibn Saud's domain. But even there bond-men and women are lent out and mated, so as to breed like beasts and thus replenish the human herds.

Direct subscribers who are changing their addresses are asked to give the earliest possible notification to the "Saturday Review," 18-20, York Buildings, Adelphi, W.C.2.

The Price of Patriotism

By Eldon Moore

"**E**VERY man ought to be able to defend his country," was my motto; but joining the ordinary Territorials in these days seemed like learning how to use a bow and arrow. When the first of the two "territorial" air forces (the Auxiliary) was started, though, I thought I saw the chance to make myself useful to my country—especially as I was prepared to give not only time, but even part of the cost of my training.

Nothing of the sort, though! My good intentions did not carry me even as far as the medical officer. "No!" I was told politely. "You're 26; and we can't take anybody over 25."

So I put my motto into cold storage, and wondered what the Government would do with the thousands of not-so-young men like myself when the air-raids started. Teach us how to form fours?

A few years later I found myself a little richer, and decided to take my "ticket" at my own expense, and then offer myself to the Government. I found I could

- (a) *Join a flying club.*
- (b) *Go to a school of flying, which was better, but more expensive.*
- (c) *Buy my own 'plane and be taught on it at the school—best and most expensive of all.*

I could not afford (c), so I chose (b). For over two months I travelled down to the school most days in the week, submitted myself cheerfully to the essential discipline, and eventually got my "A" (private pilot's) licence—only to find, of course, that I was little better than a child who has just learned to walk. I needed lots more flying on my own at £3 10s. an hour—before I could call myself a real airman. As it was, I could afford to do little more than the minimum amount of flying to keep my "ticket" and my small degree of skill.

IF WAR BROKE OUT?

This I did, however, and again presented myself at Adastral House, this time asking to join the "Reserve," which consists of ex-R.A.F. men and amateurs like myself. "Ah! but you're 30," was the courteous but regretful reply. "We can't take anyone over 28 for the Reserve, unless he has exceptional qualifications."

"But what would you do if war broke out?" I queried plaintively. "Wouldn't you take me then?"

"Take you like a shot, of course."

"But at present I can only fly a 'Moth.' You'd have to start *then* to teach me the handling of fast fighting planes and the wheel-control bombers!"

"True," said he, with a sad smile.

"And," I went on, "You'd have to teach me formation flying, machine-gunners, and lots more elements of aerial warfare."

Another sad smile.

"Finally"—I was getting bold—"Having reached years of discretion, I should probably be promoted more quickly than the boys who joined up with me. So I should not only kill myself—if I hadn't already done that in my first speed-dive—but them as well."

A succession of sad smiles.

I reckon that my patriotism has cost me so far not less than £200 in flying time alone, and without counting journeys to aerodromes, meals, social expenses, and a host more of expensive little items. Well!—it has been worth it—from my point of view, since flying is a great game; and, *if I can*, I shall continue to spend about £20 a year to maintain (no more) my airmanship.

From the country's point of view, however, my time and money have been utterly wasted. I might just as well have spent it at the dogs. I am not fit to take charge of a war machine when the urgent moment comes.

FALSE ECONOMY

And of the thousands of would-be pilots, how many can afford to do even as much as I have done? If they *all* could, where would be the value to the country if half of them were then to be turned down, on the utterly absurd score of age?

There is a little reason, a *very* little, in an age limit for those who are not already pilots, since the older man usually takes slightly longer than the boy to learn elementary air-sense. But thereafter an age limit (under 40 at any rate) is worse than absurd; for once the learning stage is passed, the older men make better pilots than the boys. Dash and gallantry are of less use in the air than skill, experience, and sober common sense.

The age limit, in fact, is entirely artificial, simply a way of saying. "We won't spend money on training more than so many pilots; and an arbitrary age-limit is a more convenient method of keeping down the numbers than medical examinations and tests of airmanship."

"We won't spend the money," is the real point, since of the two thousand odd members of flying clubs, only a very small proportion, whatever their age and airmanship, can wriggle through the mesh of regulations into the Auxiliary or Reserve Air Forces. So they fly light 'planes, and wonder what it feels like to handle a fighter or a bomber.

"We won't spend the money," say the Government—on the cheapest form of insurance there is. And they won't even let me spend my own £20 a year in buying (at cost price) flying time in Service machines under Service instructors—which would at least enable me to get in the way of an invading bomber.

Naval and Air Base Needed in the Far East

By Admiral Mark Kerr, C.B., M.V.O.

THE question of a Naval and Air base in the Far East is a subject that has often been discussed since the Great War, as it is essential to have a Naval Dockyard and headquarters for Aircraft as a central point in the defence of our Eastern parts of the Empire, and the lines of communication between us and them. This base must be in a position to supply escorts for our trade ships going to Australia, New Zealand, Hong Kong, the Pacific Islands, and other places, and also to provide protection for the parts of the British Empire from Ceylon and India to Hong Kong, and southward as far as Tasmania and New Zealand.

The Singapore base is not in a sufficiently secure position, as the country around it, as well as the town and the Naval and Air bases, are filled by a mixed population of various oriental races, who also do much work in the Government establishments. This raises a problem in war which is a real danger, as was shown and proved during the Great War in Italy. The story of the destruction of the Italian super-Dreadnought *Leonardo da Vinci* in the harbour of Taranto should be a warning to us of the danger to our base at Singapore should, unfortunately, war break out once again.

Treachery

When Italy was considering joining the Allies in the Great War several men of Italian origin who were Austrian subjects and spoke Italian perfectly got into the country, and when Italy proclaimed herself on the side of the Allies, these men, taken for Italian subjects, joined up for service in dockyards and ships.

In 1916/17 I commanded the British Adriatic Fleet, and was on board my flagship, the *Queen*, in the harbour of Taranto. Close to us was the Italian Fleet at anchor. One evening I was sitting in my cabin writing, when at about 10.45 p.m. I heard a great explosion followed by a rush of wind coming in through the port, nearly blowing away the curtains and papers from off my table. Looking out, I saw flames spurting up from the stern of the *Leonardo da Vinci* about 500 yards away. We called away all boats' crews, men turned out of their hammocks and, half-dressed, they manned the boats and pulled over to where the *Leonardo* was sinking; they succeeded in picking up hundreds of the crew who were jumping overboard from the bows. In an incredibly short space of time the ship's stern settled down into the water; then she rolled over and sank.

A little time later, Admiral Canevaro came down to conduct an enquiry as to the cause of the disaster. He came and saw me, giving his emphatic opinion that it was treachery that caused

the magazine to blow up. Some months later he completed the story, and this is the tale as he told it to me:—

Some time after the destruction of the *Leonardo*, when the Italian Navy had some land batteries on the extreme Western front which bordered on Switzerland, an Italian Naval officer suddenly jumped out of the trench and ran towards Switzerland. Rifle fire was opened to him, but unhit he got across the frontier, and proceeded to a large Swiss town, where he presented himself at the official dwelling of the Austrian Consul-General. He then said that he was tired of the war, that it was to the benefit of his country that it should cease before they were ruined, and so he had come to give information. He was cross-examined, and eventually given a post in the office of the Consul-General. Here for three months he worked, while they watched him, with suspicion at first, but later the watching ceased.

Burglary

One day the Italian officer turned up at the Italian Consul's house, and shortly afterwards a telegram arrived at Rome requesting that two experienced safe-breakers should be sent out to the Italian Consulate. In due time two celebrated safe-breakers arrived, accompanied by the Italian Chief-of-the-Police. Late one evening they went to the Austrian Consul-General's office door, when it was opened from within. They entered and were conducted by the aforesaid Italian Naval officer to a room in which was a safe.

The officer pointed to it, and the two men instantly set to work and in a short time opened it, revealing a lot of papers and some jewellery. Glancing through the papers the officer selected a certain number, and then intimated that the whole party could leave.

The papers revealed the plot which had destroyed the *Leonardo*, and gave the names of those implicated, and also showed that two more capital ships of the Italian Navy were destined in the near future to suffer the same fate. When this information arrived in Rome many arrests were made, but the news of the loss of the papers had been conveyed by telegram to some of the principal traitors in Italy, and when the police came to arrest them it was found that they had already escaped across the border.

Anyone who realises the number of people of different Oriental races who have penetrated into Singapore from all parts of Asia, some of whom are not filled with feelings of affection towards Great Britain, will see at once that what made possible the tragedy in Italy (namely, the resemblance of one foreign race of mixed blood to the Italian inhabitants) will make the destruction of the dockyards, hangars, aerodromes, and other

Government establishments at Singapore an extremely easy matter to a future enemy of the British Empire.

It is impossible to over-estimate the terrible blow which the loss of the base would be to us, and so we must consider which would be the best place for the headquarters of the Navy and Air Force in the Far East.

At the Honorary Advisory Council (of which I am a member) for the development of Kimberley, the N.W. Province of Australia, a discussion has taken place on this subject among members of the Fighting and Civilian Services of the Empire, and there was remarkable agreement in deciding that Kimberley was undoubtedly the safest and the best position for the Naval and Air bases in the Far East. There are no alien races there, the climate is good, the harbours are excellent, it is the richest part of Australia in soil and minerals.

There is also another great advantage to the communications of the Empire if we establish our Navy and Air bases in this place. Look at the map and see the route by which our Air liners now travel from Singapore to Australia and beyond. Across the Timor Sea from the coast of Timor Island to Darwin is a 400-miles sea flight, which is famous for bad weather; whereas, from the same coast to Kimberley it is only 257 miles, and with good lighting a pilot would be able to see a lighthouse on the further shore before losing sight of the one behind him.

Many people will oppose this scheme because money has already been spent at Singapore in the making of a Base, and Air Lines have been started which follow the coast around South Australia instead of making the direct crossing. With regard to the first argument, the new Base will not be finished for a long time, so the Singapore Base will remain in existence, and possibly it will be found that when the Kimberley Base is completed that it may be advisable to have a secondary one at Singapore, especially for aircraft.

With regard to the Air Lines which have already been started round the coastline, it would be absurd not to spend a little extra money to make the delivery very much quicker.

The Naval Estimates show that the present Board of Admiralty has become more air-minded than those of the past. If the present Board had been in power when the Singapore Base was first considered, no doubt they would have seen the dangers and built the primary base at Kimberley containing all those establishments of vital importance which, if blown up, could not be quickly replaced. They would have kept a secondary base, especially for aircraft, at Singapore.

One last word of great importance. There are no alien islands and harbours within 400 miles of Kimberley where enemy submarines can be refuelled and vessels be re-provisioned and supplied with fuel.

Danger Ahead!

By Robert Machray

WHETHER Herr Hitler is or is not a really great man history will no doubt declare in due time with its customary cold finality, but nobody can deny that he is a bold as well as an astute statesman who plays a remarkably strong and successful hand in the high politics of our day. Yet not so long ago he was looked on in most of Europe as a mere, irresponsible, half-mad demagogue. Think what he has achieved for Germany during the two years he has been her Chancellor and "Leader." And, then, consider the result as seen in his latest move—the announcement last Saturday of Germany's intention to disregard, that is, to wipe out, entirely of her own motion, the military clauses of the Versailles Treaty, to restore conscription and maintain a large army.

Hitler thus gives notice to the world that Germany, acting by herself alone, casts off the "shackles" of Part V of the treaty, and Germans have gone wild with joy: Hitler is their man of men. Yet unquestionably he has taken a very grave step, particularly when account is taken of the fact that the British Government in the White Paper, issued a few days before, denounced unilateral action on the part of a signatory of the treaty, and that it did so with the full support of France and Italy. The signatory referred to, of course, was Germany. Hitler simply defies the

three Powers—this is the naked, unpleasant truth.

There is a marked tendency in our Press to say that what has taken place was expected and is, therefore, to be discounted and minimised, but this is far from being the case. It certainly was known that Germany was rearming on a considerable scale in violation of the treaty; from time to time authoritative-looking statements of her rearming, especially in the Air, were published in the papers and attracted a good deal of attention; as everybody will recall, Mr. Baldwin last November implored Hitler to draw aside the veil of mystery, and disclose the truth. Hitler has at last torn down that veil, but what is shown to an alarmed Europe is not what was expected, but something much worse, something infinitely more formidable.

Let there be no mistake about it. What has been supposed was that Germany would be satisfied with an army of 300,000 men—that was what was expected. But the new Germany Army is designed to comprise thirty-six divisions. What this means exactly is variously estimated, the figures running from 450,000 to 500,000 men, but it should be noted that one of the best-informed military writers of our period puts them as high as 600,000, that is, twice what had been considered probably. Apart from that of Red Russia, the army of Germany is or will be much the largest in the world.

No attempt should in truth be made to discount Hitler's words or the danger that is implicit in them. Surely by this time most people in this country must see how senseless it is in the present crisis to talk of the League of Nations, or of that will-o'-the-wisp, collective security, or, still more, of that absurd Disarmament Conference, as making for the maintenance of peace. Yet there are some who continue to pin their faith to these fond things vainly invented. There is yet another danger, however, in what is being said in our papers about Hitler's announcement, and it needs to be very distinctly and definitely exposed.

For, it is being alleged that we should not worry ourselves as there is no immediate, pressing danger of war, or, as Mr. Baldwin put it with his habitual casualness, no emergency. We are being assured that Germany is not ready, and statements have actually appeared to the effect (though based on what Heaven only knows) that she will not be prepared to take the field, with any prospect of success, for five, seven or even ten years. But Hitler may have and probably has a totally different view. He is as profuse as ever in protestations of peaceful intent, but this is just one of his tactics to mislead and delude those at whom he plans to strike.

What is not grasped in England at all fully is the frightful change which has taken place in Europe since Hitler's accession to power. It is now understood in France. The other day Marshal Pétain, formerly Commander-in-Chief of the French armies, said that "in the last two years the situation has changed with such rapidity that the respective positions of France and Germany have been reversed, and to-day it is France who has to make an effort to recover equality in military strength." And he added that with France weak a German attack was a mere question of time; he did not mean a long time either.

A weak France, an invitation to war! Then what about a very weak England? These miserable increases in the Estimates for our Army, Navy and Air Force are simply advertisements of our terrible national unpreparedness—just another invitation to attack. What is the root-meaning of that huge German Army? Defence? Who is going to attack Hitler? The Nazi creed, which is his creed, demands expansion—the obtention or conquest of the "German or Germanic lands" outside the Reich and the return of the colonies. Once more the "German tiger stands ready to spring at the throat of Europe." England awake, awake! Danger lies right ahead.

Eve in Paris

THE sudden and (to the public) unexpected depreciation of sterling caused consternation last week in Paris, shattering hopes of trade revival, and the return of the tourist trade. It was the topic of conversation before the German bombshell, and heated arguments took place as to whether Great Britain was deliberately organising the fall of her currency or was powerless to intervene and protect it.

Those who, like M. Patenotre, favour a further devaluation of the franc as the only possible remedy of "La Crise," point out that a depreciating pound adds considerably to the difficulties of France's financial position, especially as other countries on the gold standard who are hard hit turn to her for assistance.

Is there any probability of France abandoning the gold standard? None whatsoever, declares M. Germain-Martin, Minister of Finances, and Premier Etienne Flandin declares that his policy of cheap credit will revive domestic purchasing power in France, consolidate the present gold value of the franc, and prevent the influx of foreign capital.

In pre-war days the gold existing in France belonged almost entirely to her. Now much capital gold in the Bank of France is only there on deposit, liable to be withdrawn when a political crisis arises, nor has the State itself any rights over the bank's own stocks of gold.

ARTICLES in the French Press comment on the growing popularity of Bridge. Non-players attack the game, alleging that it kills con-

versation, wastes time and is bad for business, its devotees caring little for theatres, cinemas, concerts or books.

In a country which has always considered conversation a necessary art, developing intellectuality, and the subtle wit known as *l'Esprit Français*, taciturn games are opposed to the National Tradition.

Probably, however, the dull will remain dull, and the brilliant brilliant, whether bridge players or no. Alfred Capus, admittedly the best French conversationalist of modern times, adored bridge and chess, which did not affect his delightful humour.

PARISIANS are much pleased that "Colette," a talented writer and a popular figure in literary society, has been elected a member of the Royal Belgian Academy; she is the second French authoress to be honoured by this enlightened body, which, unlike the French Immortals, has no prejudice against women.

"Colette" succeeds the gifted poetress Anna de Noailles, obtaining a large majority of votes over the rival candidate, M. Miguel de Unamuno, a famous Spanish writer. She has always loved Belgium. She spent her girlhood at Ghent and possesses happy memories of the ancient Flemish town. One of her uncles was a well-known journalist in Brussels, and "Colette" herself has done admirable work for the Press, in addition to winning fame as a lecturer, a dramatist, and a novelist. She is an ardent lover of animals, and writes charmingly about them.

LANCASHIRE AND INDIA

The Spirit of Swadeshi

By Veritas

THE idea that British trade of any kind should be tolerated in competition with Indian interests—let me make it quite clear that "Indian interests" really means the interests of the big industrialist, and not by any means the interests of Indian masses as a whole—is obviously anathema to the Hindu clique.

Let me quote Mr. G. D. Birla, one of the leading industrialists:

Any blow at Indian "amour propre" (in other words vested interests) which such pacts behind the back (equitable trading agreements) always administer will only go against Lancashire by creating bitterness against Lancashire cloth and will intensify the Spirit of Swadeshi.

In these lines there is a veiled threat. The "Spirit of Swadeshi" means, in plain English, the boycott of Lancashire goods, largely financed by the Indian mill owners, by every crafty, foul, and insidious means of which an Oriental mentality is capable. It reached its height under the spineless régime of Lord Irwin, now Lord Halifax. Not only did he permit it, one might truthfully say he encouraged it!

Yet it is threats of this kind that cause our enlightened politicians at home, utterly ignorant of real conditions, to dither! You can't force Indians, bleats Sir Samuel Hoare, to buy your goods if they don't want to.

That of course is true. But you CAN stop Indians from intimidating other Indians into NOT buying Lancashire goods, when they actually would of their own free will do so, and you CAN prevent unfair discrimination by prohibitive tariffs against Lancashire, to the detriment of the Indian masses, provided England retains in her hand the instruments of government that will ensure liberty of action to Indian people, and, of vital importance, a fair deal for the Indian masses.

As a direct result of "Irwinism" Lancashire finds herself in the plight she is in to-day.

It is time Lancashire realised the facts, and refused to be duped into granting political concessions which, as assuredly as day follows night, will be used by this predatory Hindu clique to work her economic destruction. Lancashire must insist on retaining in India such political power as to render ineffective the weapons of blackmail, intimidation and boycott, used by these vultures for their own ends.

Under the high-faluting term "The Spirit of Swadeshi" they seek in reality to consolidate a stranglehold monopoly of the Indian textile trade to the detriment of both Lancashire and the Indian masses. A Utopia for the Hindu mill owners! The price of their raw cotton—the lowest to which they can grind down the Indian cultivators, the price of their finished article the highest they can extract from him.

No wonder Mr. Gandhi with his ideals of village industries is no longer *au fait* with the Bombay industrial magnates; he has served their purpose.

"There is no room for Lancashire," says Mr. Birla. Obviously the same remarks apply to Mr. Gandhi's village industries. Three hundred odd millions hand-spinning their own cloth cuts right across the "Spirit of Swadeshi" as the Hindu mill owners understand it!

After the veiled threat to intensify the "Spirit of Swadeshi" Mr. Birla concludes his statement with these words!

"I hope I have made it clear that Lancashire cannot, in competition with Indian mills, retain her present position in India.

"SHE DOES NOT ENJOY GOOD WILL, and has no economic advantage to offer in exchange for Indian markets."

With the remarks referring to good will I cordially concur. The fraternity have about as much "good will" towards Lancashire as could be viewed on a microscopic slide under a powerful microscope! That Lancashire has no economic advantage to offer in return for the Indian market is all moonshine. She can offer the cultivator good cheap cloth, and she can take raw Indian cotton of the right type, which India can and is growing in exchange. Added to which is the vast general purchasing power of the United Kingdom.

Birla's concluding sentences are typical of Oriental cunning in one-sided barter; he positively scents the surrender atmosphere that pervades the so-called "National" Cabinet:

If, therefore, she (Lancashire) really wants a pact guaranteeing her share of the Indian market it can be made only on political grounds. . . . If Lancashire can offer *quid pro quo* in the political sphere, it will not be to her advantage to ignore political India.

Mark the insolence of this opinion, the direct result of "Irwinism." These people having used the political power already granted them to destroy



The Tragedy of Lancashire

Lancashire's market by the foulest of means, now have the impertinence to suggest that she should barter away her rights by granting them further "political concessions" to enable them to ensure her complete economic destruction.

Lancashire may by now possibly realise how much good this *quid pro quo* in the "political sphere" has done her in the past.

Once arm these people with political power to destroy your trade by methods of insidious boycott and prohibitive tariff, and you may take it from me with 34 years' experience of Indian psychology, you may as well ask the cat to give back the canary!

(To be continued)

Why National Horses Fall

By David Learmonth

THERE used to be an idea that if a horse finished at all in the National he must be a wonderful animal. All sort of tales were told to ignorant people about the size of the fences and the steps that were taken to train the aspirants for the blue riband of steeplechasing.

So far as the size of the Liverpool fences are concerned, these scaremongers were more or less right. They are, compared to fences on other courses anywhere in the world—and here I expect a contradiction from a certain Central European quarter—exceptionally large; but, in point of fact, they are not half so difficult to negotiate as might be imagined, provided one is allowed certain reservations.



Golden Miller, favourite for the National

And the reservations are serious. In the first place the horse one is riding must be a bold one. He may be lazy—I once rode one, not in the National, but in the Champion 'Chase, which I had to hit and hold before coming into every "ditch" ("an example of brute force which ought to be removed from British Sportsmanship" or words to that effect, would say that queer society—quite definitely queer which opposes all manly sports). Yet he never touched a twig all the way round and ran about fourteen pounds better than his real form over "park" courses.

That horse was trained by a man who had won two Grand Nationals and had been considered by experts to have been probably the finest jockey over fences who had ever been born. He wasn't so far away from that standard on the flat either. None of his horses was even schooled over anything larger than the ordinary schooling fence.

Now this man's horses very seldom fell. At Liverpool I certainly remember one or two mishaps; but they were all brought about either by bad luck or an error of judgment on the part of the jockey. This has made me definitely of the opinion that the building of specially large fences for schooling horses for Liverpool is a mistake. I remember one trainer who was forced to do so by a self-opinionated owner with disastrous results.

Passing over one disaster when a jockey lost his head, I, myself, made an error of judgment which robbed this trainer of a possible second or third in the National. I say advisedly "possibly," because I do not think I had the slightest chance of winning. I only want to make it clear what a good trainer has to put up with.

I was coming into the Canal Turn the second time round. In those days this fence was an open ditch and it was literally three-quarters full of loose horses. They so filled up the fence that it was difficult to find much room to get past.

Now the horse I was riding had never been going as kindly after passing the stands as he was when on the first circuit. I knew this perfectly well—I could sense it as soon as he jumped the water—so I had no excuse for what happened.

Having given him a smack on the hind quarters before the previous ditch and a kick in the pants going into Bechers, I had no excuse for being caught napping. But coming into the canal turn I was torn between two problems—to find a way between the loose horses and to stop the horse from refusing.

The result was I didn't catch him tight enough by the head, I timed everything wrong, we lost an immense amount of time, and then just what people talk about and do not really believe occurred, we "banked" it. That is, the horse landed on top of the jump and took off again from there.

I was behind Lord Woolavington's horse by that time, without the remotest chance of winning the

race. A few fences afterwards—so far as I remember the one before that which leads on to the racecourse again—Lord Woolavington's horse refused and ran right across the fence, putting his neck underneath my mount's chest.

So that was that. Ted Robson and I rode home together. I can remember now how cheerful he was and how gloomy I felt. I was quite sure that I had made an error of judgment at the canal turn. I had made up my mind in a moment to go to the left, because it was the shortest way. Now I was quite certain I should have chosen to go to the right. I think the owner had the same idea, though he was a little over a mile away at the time.

I have mentioned this personal business merely to attempt to give an impression of the difficulties which can beset a rider over Liverpool. Sometimes they don't. It is, up to a point, a question of luck. Yet, if one takes the trouble to examine records, one will find that the luck balances out very truly according to the skill of the jockey.

Look at the records of such jockeys as Ernie Piggott, Percy Woodland, Arthur Nightingall, Jack Anthony, and find how seldom they ever fell. Then, if you want to understand the National, ride in it yourself, listen to their comments—and there is no truer friend to a genuine enthusiastic amateur than a first-class professional jockey—and you will realise that the secret of success is keeping yourself to yourself.

In other words, you go your own way, wishing a clear passage yourself and not wanting to give anyone else a rough one. Because if you indulge in these queer tricks you eliminate your own chances far sooner than you do anyone else's.

The amateur who rides regularly plays no tricks. He has the fellowship of a great and dangerous game—and he starts out for the great steeplechase minus the port and brandy, as do the best professionals, which is bound to be a bit of a help.

So the moral of the National is keep out of trouble and—and this is just important—throw your heart over first and kick, kick, kick.

Prison for Debt Scandal

OVER 12,000 respectable citizens go to gaol every year for non-payment of rates. Most of these are householders and business people in a small way who find it impossible to pay. Many are ultimately—in the case of small business people—compelled to claim Public Assistance. In the case of householders, some have to vacate their homes; for, though a person may go to gaol for failing to pay his rates, the rate is still owing.

The Rating Authority have the power to circumvent or divert any income, such as rents from sub-tenants, or rent payable to the landlord.

A defaulter, having served a prison sentence and possibly lost his job, is usually reduced to a condition which makes payment from the P.A. available. The amount allocated to him will be three or four times—according to circumstances—the amount of the rate owing!

A committee was formed some time ago by the Home Secretary to investigate the matter. This committee suggested that no defaulter in the payment of rates should be sent to prison until full inquiries had been made proving that he could pay. This suggestion has not been put into operation. The present procedure often entails much hardship, apart from serving a prison sentence.

If the debtor is employed—generally one earning a small wage—he not only loses his wages for the period he is in prison, but may also lose his job, through being absent, if for no other reason.

Compare this administration with criminal procedure, where money or other property is involved.

A few weeks ago three men stole £45. One of the men said "we were drawing pay from the Public Assistance and found it difficult to live on it." This was given as their reason for committing the theft. The men were released on probation. These men had spent the money and, so far as they were concerned, the case was finished.

A defaulter in the payment of a rate of, say, £10 will receive a sentence of from one to two months, and he still owes the £10 and can be sent back to gaol; this procedure being perpetuated till the amount is paid, otherwise till he dies.

Again compare this with a case of theft, which occurred a few days ago. A man steals £1,600. After a period of seven weeks the man is arrested and £1,200 of the money recovered. Thus the prisoner in this case had robbed his victim of £400, for which he received a sentence of six months. It is extremely likely that the man could not have earned any sum near to £400 in six months by honest work.

Having served the sentence, the matter is finished; indeed, he could have the money "planted" and recover it when the sentence is served. Compare this with the defaulter in the matter of rates, which is not a criminal offence!

If your friends find difficulty in obtaining the "Saturday Review" from their newsagents, ask them to send a postcard to The Publisher, "Saturday Review," 18-20 York Buildings, Adelphi, W.C.2.

TWENTY years ago! Is it remembered—the gallantry, the punishment, the lesson? It is possible to imagine those frowning rocks and reticent escarpments surrounded by ghosts, like gulls—ghosts on the hill-sides, ghosts on the beaches, hundreds of thousands of them, restless because of the fear that all for which they died should be forgotten. British soldiers, Irish soldiers, Australians and New Zealanders—their dust mingled in those barren sands, or in the salt marshes round about Suvla Bay, and their spirits haunting those deserted shores!

On the 18th of March, 1915, that great adventure began with sixteen battleships, French and English steaming into the Straits, attacking the Narrows, firing as they advanced. The attack defied an established principle of war: in a duel forts and shore batteries, which cannot be sunk, will defeat battleships which can; the shore guns were well served, the floating mines were well calculated for their deadly work. *Bouvet* sank within a few minutes with most of her crew; *Gaulois* was holed; *Suffren* and *Charlemagne* badly damaged; *Inflexible* struck a mine and retired hurt; *Irresistible* struck another and sank, *Ocean* went to the bottom late in the afternoon; both of them went down slowly so that their crews escaped.

A disastrous day; but with lessons which, had they been mastered, were worth these losses. Strategy rules all; the controlling brain makes victory or defeat. We failed because we attacked forts with ships alone. We attacked forts with ships alone because we had no army to spare from the Western front. We had no army to spare from the Western front because we went into the war unprovided and unprepared, without a sufficiency of trained men, or of guns, or of small arms.

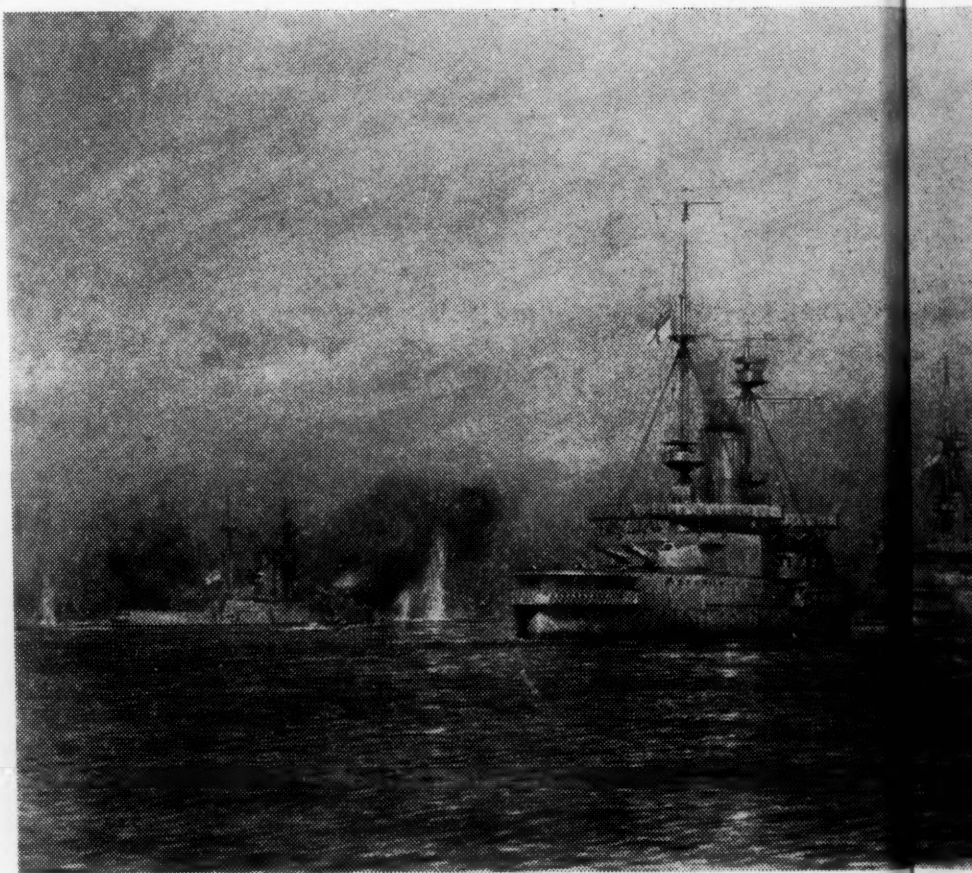
But why did the Allies make that attack with ships upon forts? They were pressed to it by the bitter need of an ally. Russia, hard driven, cried out for succour, for arms, for munitions, and the Dardanelles were the outer gates of the Black Sea. That was why we strove to batter in those doors with battleships, instead of concentrating on the enemy at our own gates on the Western front. Such, broadly, are the explanations of these premature and ill-prepared attempts.

Winston Churchill has been much blamed; but

Ghosts

By the Saturday Review

(Suggested by Lady Howe)



The twentieth anniversary of the battle of the Dardanelles fell this week. The painting, which was painted by Mr. A. B. Cull, shows H.M.S. "Allan" and

he had the courage, at least, and the resolution, which we look for in war. If the Navy could have been supported by the Army the attempt might have succeeded, had it succeeded it might have changed the history of the world. To have opened communications with Russia at that time might have averted her final defeat and the Revolution which established the enemies of mankind, the wreckers of civilisation, in their deadly dominion. So much hung upon the passage of those narrow Straits.

There is another lesson which is taught us by that naval disaster of the 18th of March—the

osts!

aturday Reviewer

y Lady Houston, D.B.E.)



this week. This picture, commissioned by Admiral Walker-Heneage-Vivian, "Allen" and other British warships bombarding the forts.

(Reproduced by permission of the "Daily Sketch.")

necessity of ample margins of naval power. The Admiralty made that attempt with ships which they had to spare. Even after their losses, and the other naval casualties of 1915 they could still maintain their naval blockade in the North Sea and their patrols on every ocean route. Have we any such margin now? There is a lot of chatter about *Hood* and *Renown*; but has anyone pointed the true moral of that collision? Another minute, a few yards more in the mis-calculation and one ship or both might have gone to the bottom.

If we had lost these two ships of the line, there would have been less than no margin left in our

naval defences. For there is no margin or less than no margin now. Our Statesmen boast that they have reduced the Navy below the line of safety in their rash attempt to persuade other nations to follow them by a "unilateral disarmament." We no longer provide against the casualties of accident. It is such folly as might be punished with destruction.

And now to come to the further attempts when the Army tried to retrieve the disaster of the Navy.

They failed because they were made too late; they were ill-timed, and timing is as important in the great game of war as in all other games. Timing is half the battle.

The troops were half-trained and ill-equipped; the attacks ill-organised and ill-provided. Improvisations are always dangerous, and in that case were fatal. A divided Cabinet alone could not decide whether to go on or to leave go.

There was another lesson, however, to be learnt from that great effort. The forces were not British alone; they were Irish and "Anzac." The Irish (all but Ulster) have deserted us; Australia and New Zealand remain.

They were great soldiers, the Anzacs, fine hard fighting men, making up for lack of discipline by individual resource.

Although these sons of Empire failed to get us out of that particular hole, they helped to make the difference over the whole war between victory and defeat.

That also is a lesson of Gallipoli, the lesson upon which Lady Houston desires me to insist. The British Empire is like a bundle of sticks; taken separate, each might be broken; united, they have the strength to resist the hand and the knee of the stoutest enemy.

In the Great War the British Empire swarmed upon the disturber like a hive of bees from all parts of the world, and in the end defeated him. Being unpremeditated it was unintelligent; it cost far too much of life and treasure; it lost invaluable time in preparation; but in the end it was victorious.

Will the wheel come full circle again and time of trial be repeated against the same or another foe? None can tell, but all should prepare.

Great Britain, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, and besides these, India, Rhodesia, East and West Africa, and a myriad islands

with fortresses in almost every sea. Unprepared it might be taken one after another in detail and destroyed. Well prepared and united, it would be an invincible combination.

Our politicians, heedless of the past and of the future, exposed a flank by their surrender of Southern Ireland and will cheerfully lose a Continent by their policy in India for they care not one jot. Let us recognise and allow for the fact that we cannot trust democracy to provide and maintain her own defences.

There is the more need for vigilance of spirit among the fit and the foreseeing. All who value their heritage must realise that they have got to fight for it. They should form one great freemasonry keeping their Governments to their duty.

Conscription from one end of the Empire to the other should be the order of the day, gladly accepted as the only true course for our safety.

The Dominions grumble at the Mother Country for letting down the Navy. And they are right, but what have they done to supply the want? Very little. A few little corps of naval volunteers, a few cruisers and coast defence vessels, a few guns inadequately protecting a few harbours. Nothing more. The whole spirit must be changed if the Empire is to survive.

The Dominions are jealous of their liberties, so jealous that they will not even combine in preparations of defence. Let them beware. A victorious enemy would regard neither their liberties nor their possessions. Neutrality would not save them, for no nation can remain neutral which is too weak to defend her neutrality—neutrality does not exist.

We live in a dangerous world where nothing is safe, where everything is challenged. Age must be wise and youth must be disciplined and brave if we are to maintain ourselves against the enemy both within and without, and retain our right position as a country and as an Empire. We have permitted the world to prepare for war in the most up-to-date and thorough style, while our young men declare that they will not fight for their King and Country.

Nazi Germany boasts her air-mindedness.

By air and sea Great Britain should be supreme. Her young men make themselves pilots in peace so that they may be ready for war. We hear of great Australian fliers; but are the Australians organising themselves for action in the air? Have they realised that in that land of vast distances the air might unite them and make them strong? Every Dominion should have its air force, all co-ordinated with one another, all prepared to co-operate in their mutual defence. Air clubs might lead the way. Every Dominion should have a strong corps of pilots upon which to draw in emergency.

But there must be a reformation of spirit—or a revival of the old, the temper and the devotion of the war. We have allowed the Defeatist and the Pacifist a free run with their propaganda. The League of Nations Union has spread over the whole Empire the heresies of Geneva.

Now that their counsel is plainly seen to be as false and dangerous as hell, the right-minded must overtake and defeat them. The Empire must reform and defend itself—and the time is limited. Fate does not suffer those for ever to enjoy what they cannot defend.

TELEVISION

Seeing is Believing

By Alan Howland

MANY years ago, broadcasting was a toy. Enthusiastic amateurs played with it, invented call-signs and were delighted if they managed to pick up a signal transmitted to them from a distance of more than a few hundred yards. Broadcasting is now an essential part of our daily life. Ill-conceived and ill-directed as it may be, it is still as familiar and as commonplace to us as the telephone or the drainage system.

Television to-day occupies the same position in the mind of the general public as Broadcasting did in the years immediately succeeding the war. It is a toy which may or may not prove to be amusing: it is one of these modern gadgets which will probably never come to anything: it is an invention which, while quite interesting as an invention, may turn out to be nothing more than a further complication in an already sufficiently complicated civilisation.

A Practical Proposition

So say the people who are either too lazy, too unintelligent or too moribund to make any real

effort to discover the importance of any new invention.

I do not claim to be of more than average intelligence or to take more than average interest in the development of inventions which will always be beyond my technical comprehension. I do not know how it is possible for me to hear the voice of the senior announcer purring at me in my drawing-room, I merely know that, when I am feeling sufficiently strong, I do hear it. I simply do not understand the scientific process which will make it possible for me to see the face of the senior announcer staring at me from my dining-room wall, but I am sure he will be doing so before very long.

On the other hand I am intensely interested in this new invention which will make it possible for me to see as well as hear, and it is for this reason that I have gone rather closely into the question of Television during the last fortnight.

My investigations have led me to the conclusion that Television is at this moment a practical pro-

position. There are, of course, obstacles to be overcome, the most difficult of which is range. So far it has not been found possible to project the image with any clarity further than thirty miles or so.

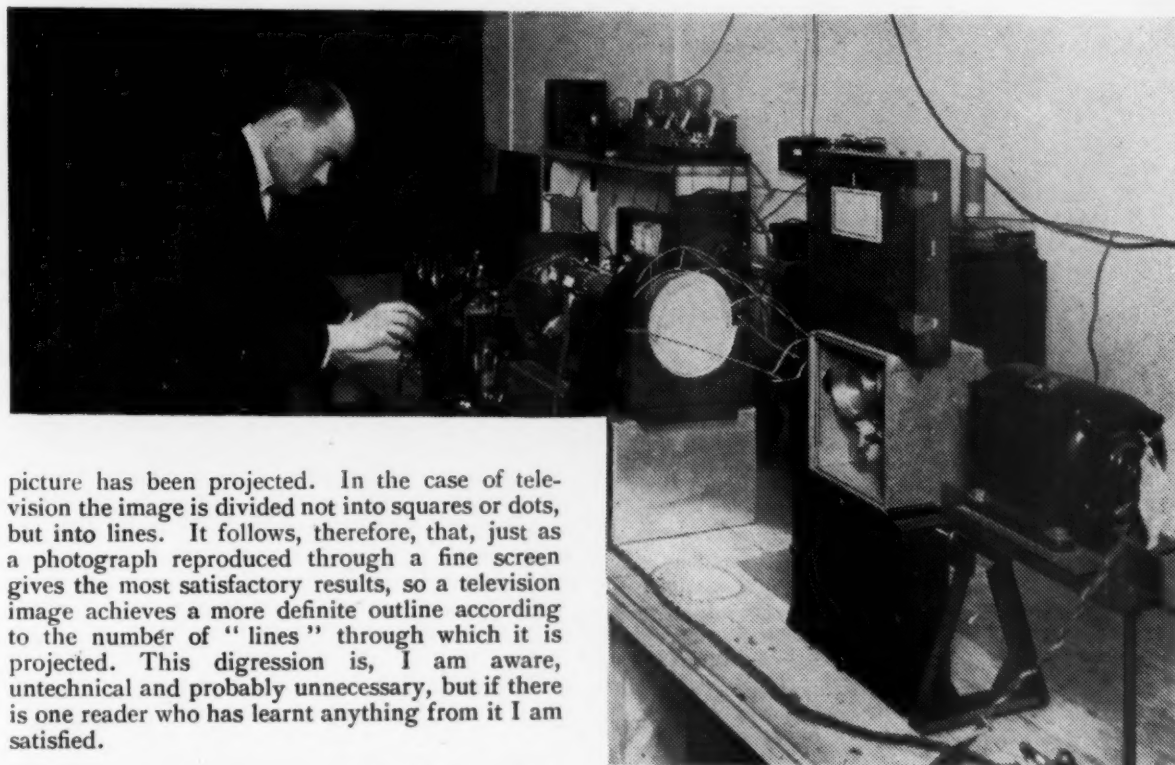
I hope I may be pardoned at this point if I digress. Television deals with the reproduction by wireless of image on a solid surface, just as press photography deals with the reproduction by purely mechanical means of image on paper. This is a very rough analogy, but it will serve to explain the problem with which Television is faced.

A Problem for Experts

In the case of a photographic reproduction in a newspaper the definition and clarity of the resultant picture is determined by the fineness of the screen or mesh through which the original

There are two methods of televising in use, direct Television, in which the subject stands before the apparatus and is instantaneously projected into the ether, and there is the delayed action process in which the subject is photographed on to film after which the film is televised. In the second case the time lag between photography and projection is thirty seconds. The film passes through a machine which develops it, washes it, and fixes it in the space of less than half a minute. The advantages of this method are obvious.

I am convinced that Television on the lines which I have seen is an accomplished fact and that, if the present rate of progress is maintained, it will be a commonplace in our homes in the near future. The system by which it is being operated is British, both in its origin and in the develop-



picture has been projected. In the case of television the image is divided not into squares or dots, but into lines. It follows, therefore, that, just as a photograph reproduced through a fine screen gives the most satisfactory results, so a television image achieves a more definite outline according to the number of "lines" through which it is projected. This digression is, I am aware, untechnical and probably unnecessary, but if there is one reader who has learnt anything from it I am satisfied.

To return. At the moment, high definition Television can only be transmitted on wavelengths of from five to eight metres, and high definition Television is the only kind of Television that matters. Unfortunately these wavelengths only operate with accuracy on a comparatively small radius, and here is the one problem which the Television experts have to solve. I have no doubt that they will do so.

A week ago I had the privilege of seeing a demonstration of Television on 180 lines (the B.B.C. at the moment is transmitting Television on 30 lines) and I am hoping shortly to see a transmission on 240 lines. Let me say at once that this is no toy. The image is clear and entirely free from "flicker," and the synchronisation is perfect.

ments which have been added to it in the last two or three years.

There is no reason why this country should not take the lead in perfecting this new and, to me, astonishing invention. The pioneers cannot hope to succeed unless they receive the active support of the public which they both need and deserve. It is not enough that the B.B.C. should take over this branch of broadcasting. I do not believe in the B.B.C. It is the general public who, by taking an interest in Television, must ensue its future and see that all its possibilities are adequately exploited.

CORRESPONDENCE

India Defence League and Norwood

DEAR LADY HOUSTON,

I was delighted to read your open letter to Lord Wolmer. I fully endorse the sentiments you there expressed.

When I first read the report in the newspapers that the India Defence League was holding aloof from the Norwood by-election, I was simply struck dumb with amazement.

"Surely," I said to myself, "this is an election in which the India Defence League must take an active part. The Government are still going on with their India Bill. No effort ought to be spared in bringing the electorate's attention to the dangers inherent in this fatuous measure."

I thought there must be some mistake in the report. But it was not denied, and the absence of India Defence League supporters from Mr. Findlay's side made it obvious the report was true.

I have since wondered whether those who have supplied the League with funds and who heartily disapprove of this sudden cringing to Central Office authority ought not to show their disapproval by demanding their money back.

Your open letter to Lord Wolmer puts our case forcibly, but justly. We do feel that our money was obtained on "false pretences." We expected the League to fight, not to kow-tow to authority. If the League is more concerned with preserving Conservative "unity" and with keeping this Baldwin-MacDonald Socialistic combine in power than with upsetting this iniquitous India Bill, then all I can say is that its organisers and executive have grossly deceived the public that gave them the funds to carry on a vigorous anti-India Bill campaign.

Kensington, S.W.1.

DISGUSTED SUBSCRIBER.

Will Lord Wolmer Explain?

DEAR LADY HOUSTON,

There must be many people like myself who are grateful to you for your plain words to Lord Wolmer.

The private individual who had subscribed his or her little mite to swell the funds of the India Defence League has been painfully conscious of inability to do anything but protest against the League's neutrality in the Norwood contest.

Whether the protest when made would get any further than the League's office waste-paper basket was in the first place extremely doubtful; then it was most unlikely that any return of money would result since it was obvious that demands, unbacked by threats of legal action, would have little chance of obtaining redress.

But when someone like yourself with power and influence behind you comes into the lists to throw down a challenge to the League and its Chairman, the position is vastly different.

Surely the League and its Chairman will now hasten to give the explanation which is so badly wanted and which has hitherto been so surprisingly withheld from its subscribers?

If they still persist in their silence, perhaps your ladyship will take the necessary action to found a League that really means business and is not prepared to sacrifice the country's interests in India on the altar of "National" Party loyalty?

We might then have an army of Lions led by—
Lioness without fear.

Wilton Crescent, S.W.

SIPAHI.

The League's Last Kick?

SIR,—Sometimes the political spectator sees the best of the game.

Can it be that the London correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* has discovered the real truth about the abstention of the India Defence League from the Norwood by-election?

He sees in this Norwood affair the end of all further opposition to the Government in the constituencies on the part of the India Defence League's executive. There is to be a solid front against Socialism in future!

This means, in effect, that Wavertree was the League's last real kick against the Government and its India Bill. Henceforth there may be some sham fights in Parliament, but outside the Houses there is to be peace, perfect peace with the Government.

If this is not betrayal of the cause of Britain's interests in India, I would like to know what is.

What a pass things have come to when Conservatives are afraid to fight for the great principles of their Party merely because somebody raises the bogey of the Socialist menace.

Can weak-kneed Conservatism such as this ever hope to win the confidence of the electorate? Is it not as certain as anything can be that its dependence on Baldwin-MacDonald "Nationalism" will mean its defeat and disruption at the next General Election?

Manchester.

G. N. JOHNSTONE.

Killing Two Birds with One Stone

SIR,—I believe that there is a possibility of the Government making an advertising and sales effort to introduce, once again, the herring on to the British market.

Might I ask for the courtesy of your columns to bring before your readers the suggestion that in the event of the Government making any attempt of this nature, either in the Herring Industry or any other, the salesmen, sales executive and other employees should be drawn from the ranks of the men who stood by their country in the years between 1914 and 1918, men, many of whom gave up their professions and prospects of professions in order to tackle a job of which they knew nothing, that of fighting.

It is quite unnecessary for me to lay stress on the extremely capable manner in which these young men adapted themselves to this strange occupation.

Most of the "heads" of our large commercial organisations, as also the leaders of the Government, may well remember the courage, the perseverance and the intuition displayed by these young men on hundreds of occasions, and it is with this memory rekindled (16 years is a long time) I beg the leaders of all commercial organisations and also of all political parties, in power or not, to do their best to produce suitable employment for the legions of forgotten and living men.

There are now thousands, between the ages of 38 and 50 years, more capable than ever before. A great number of these men failed to succeed after the War owing to the false view of values that circumstances had compelled them to acquire during their short period of great responsibility. They have by now acquired, in a very hard school, a definitely true sense of values and a practical experience that probably no other class of man, as a whole, can have, which experience, added to the education of their youth, should place them in an unparalleled position once again to fight for their Country. This time for commercial supremacy.

Go ahead Herring Industry, good luck to you! You will find hundreds of qualified and energetic salesmen who will be a credit to your industry—men who at present are compelled to allow themselves to be used by firms with questionable tactics.

Furthermore, by subsidising the Herring Industry, the country now has an opportunity of registering a mark of material gratitude to those on sea and land who came forward in the crisis of 1914-1918.

41, Chester Terrace,
Eaton Square, S.W.1.

E. W. PACKER, Captain
(Regular Army Reserve).

CORRESPONDENCE

The Fishermen's Thanks

To Her Ladyship.

ESTEEMED LADY,—I hardly know how to express my thanks towards your most generous gift to the East Anglian fishermen—not only for myself, but for all others working for four days and receiving twelve shillings.

So your Ladyship will not be surprised at the welcome your generous gift brought, not only to my home, but to hundreds more.

I started fishing at the age of eleven. I'm now fifty-eight, so this comes hard after a breezy life.

Kindly accept our thanks and heartiest appreciation, a thousand times.

Wishing your Ladyship every success in life,

I remain yours ever grateful,

JOHN W. OLDMAN (a fisherman)

No. 12, Mill Road, Oulton Broad, Nr. Lowestoft.

Pressure on the Princes

SIR,—As the testimony of Sir Akbar Haidari, the Nizam's Prime Minister, has once more come into focus, it may be useful to recall two successive utterances of his, both reported in the British Press at the time, but possibly half-forgotten by now.

The earlier of these was at the Round Table Conference of 1932, where Sir Akbar, as Delegate of the Nizam, charged Sir Samuel Hoare as Secretary of State for India with "slowly but surely pressing us into Federation, and with his colleagues relentlessly holding us to it."

The latter was elicited under cross-examination before the Joint Select Committee in October, 1933—a tribunal confessedly partisan in structure and aims. Dealing with quite another aspect of the same question, Sir Akbar Haidari deposed that there had been "no pressure on the part of the Political Department of the Government of India—rather the reverse" in the direction of Federation.

The supporters of the White Paper at Whitehall pretended to accept this evidence as a withdrawal of the charge which had preceded it, and left it at that.

It was nothing of the kind; if anything, it contrasted the impartial attitude of the Indian Political Service with the bullying tactics of the Home Cabinet, to which, doubtless, the death, "by heart failure," of the great Indian Prince who dared to enter his protest was likewise due.

J. A. WYLLIE, Lt.-Col., I.A. (Retired).

Mont' Estoril, Portugal.

Charles Lamb Centenary Memorial

SIR,—The appeal issued by the Elian Society and signed by Sir James Barrie, E. V. Lucas and Edmund Blunden for funds to provide a bronze portrait memorial and seat in the garden of Christ Church, Newgate, London, has met with a gratifying response from both sides of the Atlantic.

A first list of contributions received is about to be issued, but further funds are urgently required to carry the scheme to completion. Subscriptions are invited and should be sent to Mr. William Kean Seymour, Hon. Treasurer, Charles Lamb Centenary Memorial Fund, c/o Midland Bank, Ltd., 337, King's Road, Chelsea, London, S.W.8.

T. C. BANKS

(Manager, Charles Barker & Sons)

31, Budge Row, E.C.4.

"The White Walls of Old England"

SIR,—When Britain was given the task of making an Empire and policing the world she was also given a seagirt home, impregnable until the vogue of the air.

We still have our cliffs. Why not honeycomb them like sand-martins' nests, all connected up to central underground aerodromes having sloping inlets from the landside?

On the alarm "Enemy aircraft have left their base," hundreds of our own bombers could emerge from our cliffs to return the compliment, and hundreds more fighters to meet them in the air.

No bomb could damage the aerodromes cut deep in the chalk. What nation would start such a war if they knew that a thousand of our bombers would be over their capital cities at the same time or before theirs reached our shores?

Here is work to ease unemployment which would be profitable to all.

A. J. VELLACOTT.

10, Montdene Court, Folkestone, Kent.

Baldwin Must Go

SIR,—The time has come for Conservatives to realise that Mr. Baldwin's continuance in the leadership of his Party means absolute disaster both to the country and to the Party he leads.

The opening of the New "National" Publicity bureau is well timed to emphasise Mr. Baldwin's intentions to crush the Conservative Party out of existence.

The game must be stopped at once and at all costs, for there will be no Central Conservative organisation left and all subscriptions will go into the "National" Party's coffers.

Mr. Baldwin has broken the Party up twice, and is doing it again by trying to force through this India Bill.

We must find a new leader at once with a real Conservative policy.

That policy must include the taking of adequate measures to ensure the defence of Britain and its Empire.

It must also include measures for strengthening the ties that bind the Empire together.

And it must *exclude* all possibility of the surrender of British possessions overseas, such as is now contemplated for India.

VIGILANT.

The Legion must be Reorganised

SIR,—Regarding your recent article, "Official Eye-Openers," may I state that last September I submitted to the National Chairman a very lengthy statement dealing with the laxity of organisation at Legion headquarters and condemning the abnormal expenditure upon administration.

The principal paid officials were specifically pillorised, and definite information given of wanton expenditure.

I offered to substantiate my statements. The National Chairman replied that he and other prominent executive officials agreed with "a very great deal of what you write," and later wrote me that "vested interests" were factors of hindrance.

There is no practical need for the galaxy of paid officials for Legion requirements, and the time is long overdue for staff reorganisation and salaries revised proportionately to fit the positions, some of these being more spectacular than useful.

The British Legion of over 4,000 branches is a national organisation which cannot receive any too high commendation in its efforts to be an asset to the country, led as it is by the nation's greatest leaders and controlled by its army of voluntary officials.

But severe "root pruning" at headquarters is essential to make the Legion more productive of the fruit it was originally intended to produce. Past and present National Chairmen have each given extraordinary personal service to the Legion, but they each know, or should know, that the branches carry the torch and headquarters enjoy the illumination therefrom.

I resigned my official position on the headquarters staff entirely because of the very unfavourable view I held of headquarters' organisation and administration.

I visited nearly 1,000 branches and know much more of the Legion than can be obtained from cosy headquarters' armchairs. Now, I suppose, I shall be termed a "rebel" or agitator!

GEORGE CROWE

(Ex-member, National Executive Council, late Provincial Organiser, H.Q. Staff; ex-member, S.E. Area Council; ex-Chairman, Portsmouth Branch).

28, Albert Grove, Southsea.

New Books I can Recommend

By the LITERARY CRITIC

HENRY CRABB ROBINSON had no claim to greatness either as a writer or thinker, but he lived an unconscionably long time, came into contact with a number of outstanding personages in England and Europe generally, had an excellent memory and made a practice early in his career of keeping a diary.

Two years after his death his "Diary, Reminiscences and Correspondence" were published by a Dr. Thomas Sadler. Now Messrs. Dent are to bring out selections from these papers, and as an introduction to the coming volumes Miss Edith Morley has given us an interesting and illuminating biography of the man himself.

Friend of Wordsworth and Goethe

Robinson lived from 1775 to 1867 and was on the friendliest terms with Wordsworth, Coleridge, Lamb and Landor in England and Goethe and Schiller in Germany.

He was at Corunna as a newspaper correspondent at the time of Sir John Moore's retreat and death. Later in life he was among the first to travel by train, to see the telegraph operated, to have chloroform as an anaesthetic and to be photographed.

A Film Star at Sixty

The late Marie Dressler had her full share both of the "ups" and "downs" of Fortune. Her early life was one of hardship and constant change of home, due to her father's inability properly to support his family. Then in her teens she went on the stage and became a star at the age of twenty-five. Late in life her good fortune began to desert her and she had to face the prospect of being literally "down and out." Then at sixty she suddenly took to the films and experienced a truly wonderful "come-back."

Naturally, her ultimate triumph, far greater than she had ever known on the stage, was not due to any mere accident.

"It is never too late to begin living," she says in her autobiography, "but it's a pity so many people waste half their time on this earth before they learn that living is supposed to be fun, and that it is a stale and unprofitable business unless you can manage to put a little zest into it."

Marie Dressler certainly managed to put zest into her own life, and this autobiography of hers bears full witness to that fact.

Fly Fishing

To the young angler who hopes one day to be an expert in the art of fly fishing no better book could be recommended than that which Mr. R. D'Oyly Hemingway has just written. In it he gives his readers the benefit of some 45 years' experience of fly fishing and deals with the whole subject in a thoroughly practical manner.

London Names

Not many Londoners could tell one off-hand how Piccadilly came by its name or what was the origin of the term Soho. Mr. Fay solves these and other mysteries regarding London's street and

regional names for us in a brightly written and pleasantly informative book.

Stiff ruffed lace collars known as "pickadills" were the vogue for men in the early part of the seventeenth century and the tailor Robert Baker made a small fortune out of exploiting this fashion. When, therefore, he built a fine house for himself on land he had recently purchased, this house soon came to be called by the wits of the time Pickadilly Hall. And from the house the street that ran past it got its name.

Soho, Mr. Fay tells us, is derived from the Elizabethan hunting cry "So-hoe," hares and foxes being frequently hunted in this locality in the days of the good Queen Bess.

THE NOVELS

"Honour Come Back" gives us a fine psychological study of a sensitive youth's reactions to war conditions; "Enbury Heath" is a charmingly written and amusing book about three young people's experiment in setting up house together; "Frail Ghost" reveals clever characterisation as well as a delightfully crisp and entertaining style; and finally Eden Philpotts' latest book is well up to his own high standard.

Biography: "The Life and Times of Henry Crabb Robinson," by Edith J. Morley, illustrated (Dent, 10s. 6d.); "Marie Dressler My Own Story" (as told to Mildred Harrington), with foreword by Will Rogers (Hurst and Blackett, 15s.).

History: "The Expansion of Europe," by Ramsay Muir (New Edition wholly reset and brought up to date) (Constable, 8s. 6d.).

Sport: "Fly Fishing for Trout," by R. D'Oyly Hemingway ("Hafren"), with 40 diagrams (Heath Cranston, 7s. 6d.).

General: "Why Piccadilly?" by E. Stewart Fay (Methuen, 7s. 6d.); "Laughter in Court," by Dudley Barker (Methuen, 5s.); "The Garden Grows," by John F. Leeming, illustrated (Harrap, 7s. 6d.).

Novels: "Honour Come Back," by Naomi Jacobs (Hutchinson); "Enbury Heath," by Stella Gibbons (Longmans); "The Wife of Elias," by Eden Philpotts (Hutchinson); "Frail Ghost," by Michael Maurice (Sampson Low); "Meteor," by Karel Capek (Allen and Unwin).

Short Stories

"The Flying Palatine," by J. G. Sarasin (Hutchinson).

Adventure and Thrills

"Contraband Cruises," by Will Allen (Heritage); "Mariella Spy," by Colin Davy (Harrap); "Parasites of Ponte Bello," by Ernest W. Prangle (Stockwell, 6s.). All fiction 7s. 6d., except where otherwise stated.

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THEATRE

THE INVALID AND HIS WIFE

"The Ringmaster" Shaftesbury Theatre

By Keith Winter.

IT is as well that all guest houses are not as "Redroof—a country guest house on the South Coast of Devon," in which the action of "The Ringmaster" takes place. Run by a young, good-looking cripple (Laurence Olivier) with "personality"—as he himself insists, and his attractive, patient wife (Jill Esmond), this guest house shelters Mrs. West (May Whitty), her two sons George (Colin Keith Johnson) and Julian (Nigel Patrick), Hilda Lester (Cathleen Nesbitt) and her daughter Peggy (Dorothy Hyson).

The host proceeds to win the confidence of some of his guests by means of his "personality," only to divulge these confidences to the company at large in order to revenge himself upon George West, who has dared to fall in love with his wife.

Laurence Olivier gave a splendid performance and is to be congratulated upon his clever manipulation of the invalid chair to which he is confined until one moment before the final curtain. Colin Keith Johnson, as the sound but rather dull naval man on leave was admirable. Dame May Whitty, of course, could not put a foot wrong as the dear devoted mother who always appeared at the wrong moment and ventured the most tactless remarks. Cathleen Nesbitt almost made me sympathise with the misguided Mrs. Lester of forty odd who fell madly in love with Julian West, aged twenty or so.

"Chicago" Gate Theatre

By Maurice Watkins.

Recent newspaper reports and film versions of murder trials in America would seem to have removed the necessity of the censor's ban which was, I believe, imposed upon this play when it was first produced. We have been familiarised, too, with the subject "American Justice," around which Mr. Watkins has written his play. Nevertheless, Mr. Norman Marshall, who directs the Gate Theatre and, in this case, was immediately responsible for the production, is to be congratulated. We knew just what to expect, but, thanks to him and the admirable cast which served him, our interest remained unabated.

Mollie Johnson sustained her very difficult rôle as Roxie Hart, the murderess, with the confidence of an experienced artist, while Arthur Young gave a superb performance as her attorney. John Hunter, as a Press photographer, was full of pep and gruesome enthusiasm. There was a delightful piece of burlesque from Patricia Godfrey as "Mary Sunshine, sob-sister on the *Evening Star*."

"The Alchemist" Embassy Theatre

By Ben Jonson.

I am all in favour of a swift and efficient production, but I become impatient when haste is mistaken for speed. It is, of course, possible to race through Ben Jonson's comedy in two hours. Provided the actors were lingual gymnasts, Hamlet could be rushed off in three hours, but it would be a sorry performance.

I found myself wishing that the thirty miles an hour speed limit could have been introduced at the Embassy Theatre for this production. If I had had such a thing as a gong about me I should have sounded it without hesitation.

Fortunately, Leslie French agreed with me rather than with the producer, Olga Katzin, and refused to be hurried. The result was that his performance stood out, as Mr. French's performances have such a habit of doing. The same applies to Mr. Bruce Winston, who was in any case nearer to the spirit of Jonson than any other member of the cast. Iris Hoey let herself go as Dol Common and Brember Wills gave us yet another taste of his abilities as Ananias.

"Frolic Wind" Royalty Theatre

By Richard Pryce.

As it would be impossible to indicate in a short space the plot, or even the atmosphere, of this play I propose to concentrate on the acting. Suffice it to say that the action takes place at Pagnell Bois—which almost speaks for itself—and that the protagonists are four sisters who, for various reasons, are all subjects for a psychiatrist.

I have long regarded Miss Henrietta Watson as one of our foremost actresses. She has wit, she has an elusive charm and she has, what so many of our younger generation lack, attack. Hers is the outstanding performance in this play. Nina Boucicault was charming as an elderly spinster devoted to good works and Mabel Terry Lewis quietly efficient as the practical member of the quartette. Dorothy Holmes Gore, good actress that she is, was not so successful as the remaining sister. There was a good performance from Fabia Drake, but for the rest, the acting was undistinguished. The production, by John Wyse, was excellent.

"Swords for Utopia" Arts Theatre Club

By Antony Bertram.

Percy Gudgeon served behind a counter, but by a fortuitous concatenation of circumstances was called upon to be a dictator. That is the substance of Mr. Bertram's play, and while he sticks to satire he is quite successful. Unfortunately, this kind of satire cannot be taken to its logical conclusion and after the third act—there are four acts—when the play starts to take itself seriously the illusion is shattered and one is left wondering whether one has been witnessing drama, melodrama or farce.

Norman Shelley put up an extraordinarily good show as Percy Gudgeon. His transition from counter-jumper to the dictatorial leader of a political party was nicely thought out and cleverly executed. His various lieutenants were ably portrayed by George Carr, Hubert Woodward, H. R. Hignett and Finlay Currie—especially good as an American publicist. As the only human being in the play, Dora Gregory very nearly scooped the pool. She was the real dictator although neither Percy Gudgeon nor the author knew it. The production by George More O'Ferrall was adequate.

C.S.

Six Golfing Shots

by

Six Famous Players

Edited by
Bernard Darwin

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OPPOSITE THE LAW COURTS

CINEMA

THE ADMIRABLE RUGGLES

By Mark Forrest

THE new picture at the Plaza, *Ruggles of Red Gap*, is great fun in places, but at times it is not quite so funny as one is led to expect that it is going to be. The trouble may be that the idea has a somewhat mouldy look about it, but the notions that Americans are all vulgarians and the British aristocracy all wasters die hard.

Here we have a belted earl with an admirable butler and valet who rejoices in the name of Ruggles; unfortunately the earl plays poker with an American from Red Gap and loses his man-servant to him. Nothing would probably have happened, but for the fact that the American's wife thinks that her social position would be improved by the addition of Ruggles, and from that fountain the laughter may be said to spout.

The vulgarity and snobbishness of the newly rich have always provided pegs on which people who are better bred and those who are naturally well-mannered may hang a clown's costume; but there is always a tendency in making fun of the foibles of the upstarts to exaggerate their stupidity. This tendency has not been avoided in this picture and there are many moments when the situations descend into farce.

The Real Idea

These occasions are the more to be regretted because neither Charles Laughton, who plays Ruggles, nor Roland Young, who plays the belted earl, are actors who should be harnessed in anything but the highest of comedies. Nevertheless, the laughs are there and perhaps one is being super-sensitive to insist too much on the forced nature of some of them.

Diametrically opposed, however, to the farcical nature of much of the film is the real idea which underpins the whole structure. This is the proposition that all men are born equal and that America is the land of their opportunity. Abraham Lincoln's famous speech at Gettysburg enunciates this principle and the climax in this picture is the delivery of part of it by Charles Laughton. The strength of this scene is greatly diminished by the previous excursions into farce.

Roland Young, unfortunately, has very little to do, but whenever he is present his easy manner and sure touch keep the picture within its proper boundaries. Leila Hyams also plays in the right key, but the rest, with the exception of Charles Laughton, force the pace too hard. Charles Laughton's performance contains many excellent touches, but his personality prevents him from achieving a really great success.

ACADEMY CINEMA, Oxford St. Ger. 2981

NINTH WEEK

WILLY FORST'S Viennese Sensation of Europe
"MASKERADE" (A)

with Paula Wessely. Also commencing Mar. 25—
Raimu in "CHARLEMAGNE" (A)

MUSIC NOTES

COVENT GARDEN OPERA

By Herbert Hughes

THERE is nothing more familiar in any controversy than the ease with which the original issue becomes obscured by those taking part in it. The official reply of the present Syndicate to the questions of 158 M.P.'s, signed by Lord Allendale, Sir Thomas Beecham and Mr. Geoffrey Toye was a first-class example of Parliamentary evasion. The statistics given, representing the percentage of British singers, orchestral players, scene-shifters and so on employed during the season—as if any season could be otherwise carried out—may have been an excusable piece of special pleading, but it was little more.

Of all the letters that appeared I read only two that remained within the boundaries of the discussion: one from Mr. Waldron Smithers, M.P.—a signatory to the original protest—and one from Mr. Steuart Wilson, the latter pointing out the position of English artists singing abroad who were unable to bring the proceeds of their engagements away from those countries.

While admitting that Sir Thomas Beecham has done more, much more, personally than all the syndicates put together for English opera and English-speaking artists, and that the present organisation has a perfect right to make what plans it likes for any season, two important facts remain, ignored by the disputants.

Historic Prejudice

The first is that the English public, in the mass, has no faith in singers and instrumentalists of native birth. Boxers, cricketers, flying-men, stage and screen celebrities, any sort of record-breaker—these are always preferred to the person who is merely an artist in music. The prejudice (for it is nothing less) is historic and goes back many generations, even to Restoration times; and the consequence is that our best singers, who have been acclaimed by audiences at the Metropolitan, New York, and the opera houses of Germany; who have survived the scorpion criticism of Toscanini at La Scala, and faced the *bel canto*-loving public at the San Carlo, have little or no box-office appeal in their own country, though they may disgorge (as Mr. Steuart Wilson suggests) large sums in marks and schillings and lire at the frontiers of countries more chauvinistic than our own. Can they be otherwise than crushed to feel that they are not wanted at Covent Garden?

Those who are aware of this state of affairs are also aware that during pre-War and post-War seasons the reigning authorities at our Royal Opera House have permitted productions well below the level of technique required of an ordinary musical comedy or West End revue.

A first-class orchestra conducted by a man of genius, and three or four magnificent singers, are not enough to make an opera season worth writing home about; and in the circumstances the attitude of the present Syndicate is one of the most tragic elements in the musical life of to-day.

Errors and Evasions

ON Friday last, expressing what we take to be the prevailing opinion in the Conservative Party, we made an appeal to the SECRETARY OF STATE to come to a compromise on Indian policy. His Bill, it was plain, was dividing the supporters of the Government in a manner dangerous to the National interest.

We pointed out there was no disgrace, but rather virtue, in changing a course of action no longer tenable, and we took the liberty of suggesting that Sir SAMUEL HOARE would find no lack of magnanimity if he took steps to heal this fatal division. It would appear to-day, however, that the SECRETARY OF STATE is incorrigible.

In proof of this fatal persistence we refer the reader to his calamitous correspondence with the Government of India in the matter of the Princes. Instead of accepting their decision in the spirit in which it was intended, he argues with them in the manner of a rejected suitor who will not take "No" for an answer.

Now the House of Commons and the British public were assured by the SECRETARY OF STATE over and over again that the Government had the support of the Princes, and that this support made their adventure safe. There was to be no Bill unless under the benignant shadow of these loyal allies of the Crown. Thus, on the 27th June, 1932, Sir SAMUEL HOARE said:

... No one can ... say that an All-India Federation Bill can be produced until we know in detail and for certain that the Indian States are going to be an effective part of the Federation.

Consider this pledge in the light of his despatch on the 14th March, 1935. There, after making a vague (and worthless) promise to "meet any legitimate difficulties," he says:

But it is not the intention of His Majesty's Government at this stage to seek from them any undertaking to enter Federation. ...

After promising the British public that there would be no Bill without the support of the Indian Princes, he now proceeds to break that promise. He will go on with the Bill without the Princes, and when the Bill is through he will negotiate. In short, he proposes to face their Highnesses with a *fait accompli*.

The Princes have another grievance, to which they make polite reference—that they have been rushed. They had conceived themselves to have a right to an allowance of time adequate to consider the Bill before it was submitted to Parliament. Sir SAMUEL HOARE pleads pressure of business:

His Majesty's Government regret that the exigencies of Parliamentary business did not permit of any considerable delay between the publication of the Bill and its consideration by Parliament. ...

There was no such necessity. The Princes being prospective partners, they had a clear right to examine the deed of partnership before it was sent round to be ratified by the House of Commons.

The Princes will only accept such provisions of the Act as are specified in their own instruments of accession, and they propose to assume the obligation of carrying these provisions into effect in their own States.

The SECRETARY OF STATE contends, on the other hand, that:

It is impossible to contemplate a position in which it would be open to every accepting State to select for itself the provisions of the Act which are to apply to that State.

In short, the Bill proposes that the Act should govern the Princes; the Princes propose that they should govern the Act. The Princes regard themselves as allies; the Bill treats them as subjects. And yet Sir SAMUEL HOARE has the assurance to suggest that the differences are only on details which may easily be adjusted.

[Reprinted from the MORNING POST]

ART IN THE SALEROOMS

THE COATS COLLECTION

By James A. Kilpatrick

THE important collection of pictures assembled by the late Mr. W. A. Coats, of the famous thread firm, was dispersed to his family when he died, but now the death of Major J. A. Coats has brought a considerable portion of it into the market. Those to be sold at Christie's next month are mostly of the Barbizon school—of Corot, Rousseau, Millet, and Daubigny; with a few small pictures by Constable and Bonington, who largely inspired the Barbizon movement.

It is difficult to-day to realise the storm of hostility these French painters aroused in Paris eighty or ninety years ago, for their tranquil landscapes now hold a secure place in French art. There are nine pictures by Corot, including that of his little group of girls dancing by a stream, "Ronde des Nymphes," exhibited at the Salon in 1857. A small "Shepherdess" by Millet, an evening scene by Rousseau, and landscapes by Daubigny, Troyon, Jacque, and others make up a very representative collection of this school. Besides these, however, there are a few portraits by Gainsborough, Reynolds and Raeburn, and an attractive group of nearly thirty drawings of sporting subjects by Joseph Crawhall, notably fine colourful studies of a cock pheasant and a mallard.

Flowers and Gardens

Lovers of rare books on gardening will find much to interest them in the botanical library of the late Miss Ellen Willmott, which is to be sold at Sotheby's on April 1 and 2. Miss Willmott was an enthusiastic botanist, an engaging writer on flowers, and she assembled at her home, Warley Place, Essex, an extensive collection of herbals and works on horticulture dating from the fifteenth century downwards. Nearly all the volumes are profusely illustrated. The coloured plates alone number nearly 10,000, and there are over 800 original drawings in colour of flowers and plants, several by P. J. Redouté, of whose charming book, "Les Roses," there are two copies in the collection.

Miss Willmott was a great lover of roses. Her "Genus Rosa," published about 30 years ago, was beautifully illustrated, and all the 220 coloured drawings she made for this work are now to be sold along with certain manuscripts. The earliest book in the library is the rare "Herbarius" of 1485, of which edition she possessed two fine examples; Buchoz's "Herbier Colorié de l'Amérique" (1783), the Earl of Bute's, "Botanical Tables" of the different families of British plants (one of only a dozen copies the engraving of which in 1785 cost Lord Bute £12,000); Andrews' "Roses" and "Geraniums" (1805), Tenore's "Flora Napolitana" (1811), and a fine set of Curtis's *Botanical Magazine* (1787-1913) extending to 118 volumes.

There is also a large collection of musical books and MSS in Miss Willmott's library, notably 16th and 17th century madrigals, early printed editions of Purcell, Handel and others, musical manu-

scripts of Bach, Mendelssohn, Schubert, and Liszt, the sole existing MS. of Purcell's only violin sonata, and autograph letters of many of the great composers. One of the manuscripts, that of Laujon's "Channon de Société," belonged to the celebrated Madame Du Barry.

Napoleonic MSS. continue to come into the London auction-rooms. There is to be another sale next month of autograph letters of Napoleon, the Empress Josephine, and the Empress Marie Louise and a relic of exceptional interest is the authentic diary kept by Marie Louise in 1813. A contemporary copy of this recently passed through the sale-room, but the little red-covered, silver-mounted pocket-book now to be sold is in the Empress's own handwriting and has come down by descent to the present French owner from the Duchesse de Montebello, chief Lady-in-Waiting to the Empress.

MOTORING

KILLING THE GOOSE

By Sefton Cummings

AT midnight last Sunday all the burglars, housebreakers, and other "specialists" in England rubbed their hands in glee. For some time past they had been doing pretty well in their endless battle with the police. Henceforth they will be freer than ever to carry out their trade; for hundreds of police will be detached from their legitimate duties to harry a body of respectable men who have created one of the greatest industries in the country and who contribute annually a very welcome sum to the exchequer.

I agree with the Minister of Transport that any attempt to reduce the toll of the roads is a praiseworthy object and that in this case, "The finest pheasant ever bred does not repay for one man dead," is more applicable than

No game was ever yet worth a rap for a rational man to play,

Into which no accident, no mishap, could possibly find its way.

But the new regulations seem to go far beyond reasonable steps for the achievement of this object and, combined with the underhand methods which the police are adopting to enforce them, amount to little less than persecution.

It must be remembered that the motor industry in this country has been built up upon the home market and that without this market overheads cannot be reduced to a low enough level to make it possible to compete against other countries in the export trade. Anything, therefore, that tends to make people hesitate to buy motor cars is doubly harmful to the country's industries and is not likely to help the unemployment problem.

There are towns and parts of towns where a speed of even thirty miles an hour is excessive; but to make an arbitrary order based upon a ridiculous definition of a "built-up area" and to enforce it by un-English methods is indefensible. This spate of tyrannical legislation can only have one effect, to reduce the demand for motor cars.

The Question of the Protectorates

By "Rhodesian."

THE Act of Union which, in 1910, combined Cape Colony, Natal, the Orange River Colony and Transvaal, into one self-governing entity, mentions the possibility of the future inclusion of Southern Rhodesia (then administered by the 'Chartered' Company) and the neighbouring native protectorates. The incorporation of any of these territories, however, is nowhere, and has never been, promised or implied. The responsibility of the Imperial Government to safeguard the interests of the natives remains.

We are now told that South Africa desires to absorb the native protectorates. The natives therein, not being impressed with the status or prospects of their kinsmen in the Union, are anxious to remain outside. The position of the Imperial Government, therefore, is difficult.

The Government of South Africa can find various causes for complaint; for instance the danger to stock in the Union from lack of proper control of animal diseases in the protectorates. Such items, though shrewd digs at the Imperial Administration, are really side-issues. The



A Water Hole in Bechuanaland.

The native territories that the Union now wishes to annex to itself have a total population of something under 900,000, which includes only a mere handful of whites. Much of the 300,000 square miles involved is poorly watered, and, at present, of small agricultural value, but contains

Australia's Aerial Strides

By Geoffrey Tebbutt.

THE past week has seen two notable developments in Australian aviation.

EMPIRE WEEK BY WEEK

heart of the matter is that, with the exception of Northern Bechuanaland, the native territories are geographically part of South Africa and it is irksome to have islands in the midst of the Union over which the South African Government have no authority.

Southern Rhodesia's Claims

If the Home Government give the remaining protectorates to the Union they are logically obliged to add the northern part of Bechuanaland to Southern Rhodesia; to which step the natives would probably raise no objection.

In 1921/22 the Government of S. Africa, aided by powerful influences in England, endeavoured to induce Southern Rhodesia to enter the Union. A referendum was held but in spite of special inducements on one side and pressure on the other, the Rhodesians decided otherwise by an overwhelming majority. There was no doubt that the natives of Rhodesia were also solidly against being incorporated with the Union. Yet, in granting self-government to Southern Rhodesia, the Imperial Government were careful to reserve to the Crown power to veto any future legislation that might, in their opinion, show colour discrimination.

good rough pasturage.

A question for the Imperial Government is therefore—are the natives in these British protectorates to be given a say as to their future destiny?

It seems that the inarticulate masses in India are to be handed over to the industrialists and professional politicians. What, in the coming demand from the Union of South Africa, is to be England's attitude towards the loyal and law-abiding natives of the South African protectorates for whose interests she is responsible?

Either she must hand the protectorates over to the Union, despite her responsibilities to the natives, or she must refuse to accede to the demands of the South African Government. No half measures are possible, for no Dominion would stand "reservations," tying her hands in native policy, such as were inserted in the constitution of Southern Rhodesia.

Assuming for the sake of argument that the Dominions' Office determines to continue administering the protectorates as at present, what then?

A position, new in Inter-Imperial relations, may arise that will be pregnant with exceedingly interesting and important possibilities.

With the announcement that, commencing in April, passengers may book "through" from London to Brisbane, comes the realisation of an ambition that began to stir when Sir Ross Smith with his brother and their crew completed, in 1919, the first flight from London to Darwin.

It took twenty-eight days. Passengers from London will now, in spite of thirty-six hours in the Paris-Brindisi train, be delivered to Brisbane in twelve and a half days. That is about one-fourth of the time occupied by passengers joining the mailsteamers at Tilbury and remaining aboard round the Australian coast to Brisbane, with long stays at some ports.

The other development is a significant example of British interest in the Australian air-transport industry, and the recognition—if belated—that the field of aviation in the Commonwealth still offers important opportunities to overseas capital.

Most previous enterprises have been, though efficient in their smallish way, limited for lack of powerful backing. Imperial Airways' co-operation with the Queensland and Northern Territory Aerial Services (Qantas) is an instance of what can be achieved by the combination of



A Rotorua Thermal Spring.

British resources with Australian personnel and local knowledge.

Now Oceanic Airways, profiting from this example, have obtained control of an established Australian company and are to conduct high-speed services between Brisbane, Sydney and Melbourne.

When the 200 m.p.h. machines now being built at Hanworth for this section are available, passengers from England to Brisbane (where the Imperial Airways-Qantas route ends) will have speedy transport to the more populous cities of the South.

Australian aviation may be "in the raw," but the enthusiasm for the air is really impressive. It is going to provide a rapidly increasing market for the British manufacturer.

Wonders of Our Empire—No. 3.

New Zealand's Thermal Marvel

HOT water laid on by Nature—an inexhaustible supply ever bubbling up from the heart of the earth—that is New Zealand's thermal wonderland at Rotorua.

The thermal belt lies in the centre of the North Island and measures roughly 150 miles north and south with an average width of 20 miles.

In the weird geyser valley at Whakarewarewa boiling water runs close beneath the superheated surface, breaking out here and there in glittering geyser plumes. Steam belches from every crack and crevice and, amid the soft green cover of the manuka bushes, pools and miniature craters of mud boil and simmer like witches' cauldrons.

Maori villages of Ohinemutu dot the valley, and long before the white man came the Maori knew of the wonderful medicinal value of the hot, healing waters.

Throughout the day Maori families lie basking in the warm, bubbling pools. The Maori housewife does the week's washing in the hot water, baths the babies in it, and uses it for cooking and all domestic purposes.

With its bizarre beauty and its wealth of health-giving thermal springs, the valley has become one of the premier resorts of New Zealand. There is a magnificent Government Sanatorium, in the grounds of which there is thermal bathing unequalled elsewhere in the world.

A Government balneologist prescribes treatment and advice for all cases.

Unsettled Ireland

By A. J. Morrison.

THE amazing story of the sale of Borrowdale House in Co. Wexford, by Flight Lieut. Beatty, for the sum of 10s. is another indication of the real state of affairs in Ireland.

Borrowdale House which was the ancestral home of the family of Earl Beatty, was sold to an unemployed labourer for 10s., in order to escape the liability of a head rent of £300 per annum.

Economic policy has denied to such landholders any advantage in keeping up their estates, so they are allowed to become neglected and fall eventually to the State in some form of distraint.

Meanwhile De Valera carries on undisturbed. The only explanation given to critics is that these are but minor difficulties in winning economic and spiritual freedom for Ireland; and that this freedom, when won, will far outweigh any disadvantages of the transition period.

But the trouble now is that this freedom is difficult to define as a practical objective. Many conflicting opinions are held as to ultimate objects, as well as to immediate actions. The Church, the Dail, the I.R.A., the industrialists, and the farmers all have different ends to gain.

Originally, they were all more or less united in the decision to break with England; and, being united, this was carried out. But now, with no immediate common objective, nothing at all is being done.

The confusion is apparent in all quarters. The Government, needing

the confiscated annuities for budget purposes, has difficulty in collecting them from the tenants, whose markets are lost and whose incomes have almost disappeared. The Roman Catholic Church is much concerned about the influences from England of the cinemas and broadcasting. Not only sex matters, but the ordinary conditions of life are considered objectionable. Little does the Irishman think that spiritual freedom includes being shut off from what we know as the amenities of civilisation.

In the Dail, De Valera, unable either to justify or to repress the policy of the I.R.A., remains silent and lets things drift.

While such confusion reveals that the economic and spiritual freedom of Ireland still remains as dreams in the minds of her leaders, apologists maintain that the people will soon find some common objective and move together once again. At the moment, however, the only common drive that seems possible is that arising from hunger and distress.

Imperial

"So much has been written and talked lately about meat and butter that there is a danger of forgetting that the main purpose of Mr. Lyons' visit to England is to represent Australia as a signal demonstration of the political unity and common loyalty of the British Commonwealth of Nations."—*Courier-Mail, Brisbane.*

"More and more Rhodesia will look to the north and not to the south. Mr. Huggins's latest speech indicates that intention more plainly than ever."—*"South Africa."*

Canada-U.S.A. Trade Agreement

By A. C. MacNeish.

Montreal, March.

THE preliminary negotiations that have been initiated between Canada and the United States for a "mutually beneficial trade agreement" should be of some interest to Great Britain.

The Dominion Government has already forwarded proposals to Washington, suggesting the kind of goods Canada is most desirous to sell, and what she could buy from the United States.

The United States, through Secretary of State Cordell Hull, has made a tentative agreement regarding a trade pact, and the matter will come up for discussion at Washington on March 12th.

It is eighty years since the first trade agreement was made between the two countries, and that lasted only eleven years. In the succeeding years trade preferences have been

agreed to, but these have not always been advantageous to Canada.

The last attempt at a treaty (between the Liberal Government of Laurier and the Taft administration in 1911) was defeated by the Conservative party for "patriotic reasons."

Now a Conservative Government, formerly firm believers in high tariffs, especially since their election in 1930, are endeavouring to effect a trade agreement of their own.

Canada in the past has absorbed a huge United States surplus of machinery, coal, iron and steel products, chemicals, oil products, cotton, fruits, and other major products of the Republic. In return, she has sold newsprint, pulp and pulpwood, minerals, furs and fish.

But she has found that she cannot afford a huge adverse trade balance with the United States, the world's greatest creditor nation. The goods she has exported, such as nickel, asbestos, newsprint, pulp and fish, offer very little competition to United States industries.

Opinions

"The tendency in many quarters in Kenya is to fight shy of statistics in favour of picturesque generalisation."—*Sir Joseph Byrne, the Governor, when opening the Mombasa Trade Exhibition.*

"Empire tobacco growing countries might get more encouragement from the trade if they gave a rather larger margin of profit."—*Mr. Herbert Hodgson, Secretary of the Northern Tobacco Trade Association, speaking in Manchester.*

The present demand by Canada is for a more equitable trade balance and for the export into the States of some of her more basic products, such as field crops, flour, dairy products and lumber. This demand is likely to meet with much opposition from farmers and lumber interests in the United States.

A new trade agreement with the States might well involve serious American competition with British coal, machinery, and other goods exported to the Dominion.

Empire Outposts—V.

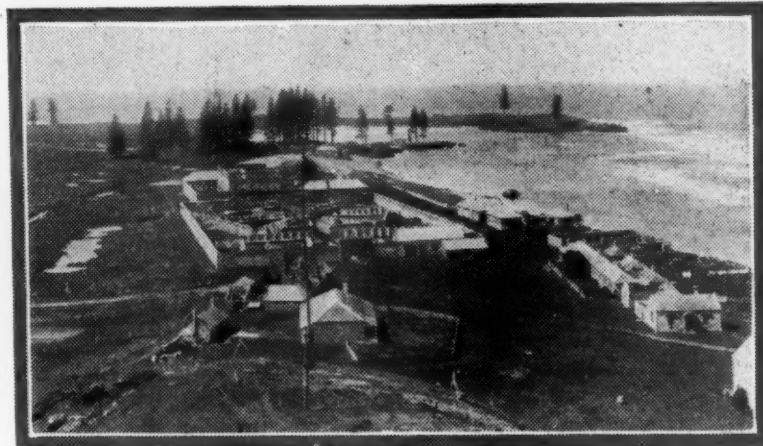
Norfolk Islands

By Mary Edmonds.

NORFOLK Island, situated halfway between Australia and New Zealand, is the second oldest British Colony in the South Pacific.

Of volcanic formation, it is richly fertile, with a delightful sub-tropical climate.

When first annexed by Great Britain, at the end of the 18th century, it was hoped that the famous



Old Penal Settlement, Norfolk Island.

pine trees of the island would provide spars, and the flax of the valleys sails, for her men-of-war. But the logs were found to be full of knots and the flax inferior to that of Ireland.

The island being too fertile to abandon, it was decided to found a penal settlement.

In 1788, boat-loads of convicts, both men and women, were taken there to cultivate the land and supply food to the penal settlements in New South Wales and Tasmania.

Ruins of the stone prisons and houses of the officials still exist in Kingston, the principal town of the island.

The settlement was abandoned in 1813, and for the ensuing thirteen years the island was primarily a whaling station and place of call for British warships.

From 1826 to 1855 it was again made a penal station, but once more the convicts were removed. The following year, Sir William Denison, the Governor of New South Wales, fearing that the numbers on Pitcairn Island were growing too great, removed the entire population of 194 souls to Norfolk Island.

This strange community, half English, half Tahitian, acquired the incongruous background of deserted prison walls and gallows. Many grew homesick and within two years had managed to obtain passages for the 3,000 miles' journey back to Pitcairn, but the rest stayed on, and the names of their ancestors, the Bounty mutineers, still persist.

Of the seven boarding houses registered in the island, five are run by proprietors bearing the names of Christian, Adams and Quintal.

When the Pitcairn Islanders arrived at Norfolk Island, of the whole 8,000 acres of land, 270 acres were set apart as Government reserve, 1,018 acres were allotted to the Melanesian Mission, and the remainder, divided into allotments of about fifty acres each, was handed over to the Pitcairn people and their descendants.

To-day the population is nearly 1,000.

The fifty acre lots have been divided and sub-divided by succeeding generations. Here, as everywhere, luxuries have become necessities and life has become harder.

The export of fruit and vegetables to Sydney and Auckland hitherto provided an adequate source of income, but the Administrator's last annual report reveals trouble.

New Zealand has placed an embargo on Norfolk Island bananas, oranges and market garden produce, with the result that her export trade has been reduced by nearly 27 per cent. within a year.

The islanders are passing through a difficult period and credit has been strained to the limit, but the Chamber of Commerce, the Planters' Association and the Tourist Bureau are each doing their utmost to improve present conditions.

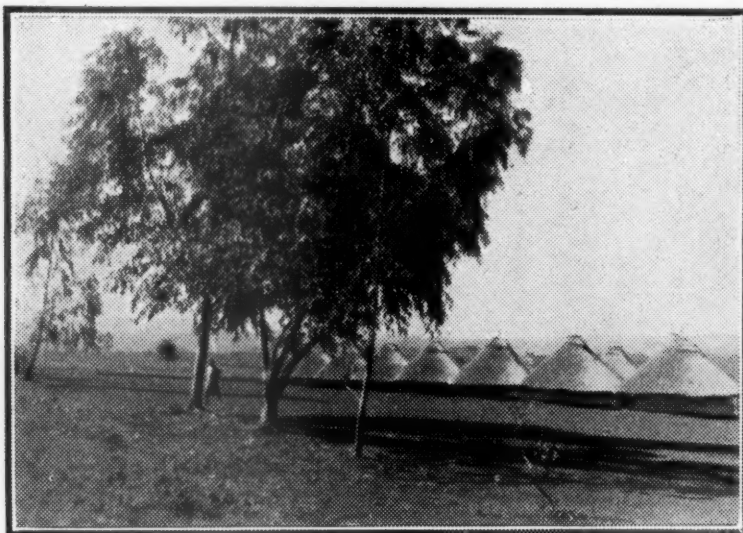
Jubilee Work and the Police

WHAT does the Jubilee mean to the police force? First and foremost, the rank and file of the Force is loyal to the core, and extra duties will be undertaken willingly and without complaint. Secondly, an extra day's leave with pay for every member has been granted—a concession which is appreciated as much as it is deserved.

It is estimated that during the Jubilee season the responsibilities of the Metropolitan and City police, at any rate, will be doubled. Visitors ranging from Indian Princes bringing with them jewels worth hundreds of thousands, to wealthy Americans carrying big money will have to be specially protected.

"Specially," because Scotland Yard now knows that dozens of international crooks are on their way to England with the intention of making a good thing out of the Jubilee season.

So serious is this invasion that hundreds of chosen officers are being drafted into the Special Branch of the Yard, and their duty will be to keep a very close eye on undesirables.



Askari Camp and Drill Ground, Kakamega.

A Golden Opportunity

By Cleland Scott.

P.O. Nanyuki, Kenya.

WITH a bi-weekly Air Service and faster steamers Kenya is no longer inaccessible; moreover, there is a lot for the tourist to see, and, perhaps more important, numerous chances for investment.

Comparatively few people realise that Eastern Africa is on the way to becoming a second Rand. The gold mining industry is in its infancy at present but even so over £2,000,000 have been invested around Kakamega. The more recently opened Number two area nearer to Lake Victoria Nyanza is even more promising. Already there are hundreds of Europeans employed in the various mines.

Tanganyika Territory, too, is turning out comparatively large amounts of gold every month. Uganda, especially the part nearest to the Belgian Congo and the famous Kilo mines, is proving to be worth a far more thorough prospecting than it has hitherto received.

Consequently any visitor may find a trip to Africa profitable as well as pleasant and interesting. Apart from gold there are numerous business openings not to mention good investments in the farming line. Those with faith in primary products will never be able to buy coffee, maize, wheat, or stock land cheaper than they can to-day.

Those who are uninterested in money making possibilities will find plenty to see; the famous Rift Valley is world renowned; vast, medium, and small lakes; beautiful forests and snow capped mountains; enormous plains; and more wild animals than anywhere on earth providing fun for the shooter, the photographer and the naturalist: even the fisherman can have excellent sport.

At long last grim faces are beginning to relax: confidence is returning and like the inhabitants of

Southern England people feel more cheerful. The one thing that cannot be controlled is of course the rain, and to all, save miners, rain is of vital importance. Those who believe in the "Sunspot" theory are quietly confident that 1935 will prove wetter than '34 which in turn was an improvement on '33.

Even the banks have reduced the charges on overdrafts from 8 per cent. to 6 per cent.; as almost every farmer keeps an overdraft this concession will assist recovery and make it swifter.

Therefore it seems that the Imperial Government might devise some scheme whereby the two loans bearing interest at 5 per cent. and 6 per cent. might be reduced and so hasten the recovery of the country in general.

At present the overhead charges are crippling everyone, white and black. It seems hardly in keeping with British ideas of fair play that the inhabitants of a country should be penalised just because they happen to live in a land that has become a Crown Colony.

British Agriculture and Imperial Trade

THE Empire Economic Union's Research Committee has just issued a memorandum dealing with the working of Protection and Imperial Preference.

It is a document that will well repay careful consideration.

The Committee's main recommendations are as follows:—

That national bodies, representing agricultural and industrial producers as well as of distributors, should be entitled to make representations to the Import Duties Advisory Committee.

That there should be an Imperial Consultative and Advisory Body to be consulted regularly by all the Empire Governments before initiating new policies and to be free of its own initiative to tender advice to any of the Empire Governments concerned.

That there should be established an Imperial Research Organisation constantly engaged in the preparation of statistics and economic surveys to be placed continuously at the disposal of all the Empire Governments.

That an economic survey relating to the United Kingdom and the Dominions be undertaken on the lines of the recent Economic Survey of the Colonial Empire.

That the United Kingdom Government and all other Empire Governments should consider the possibility of acting more in unison when engaged in trade negotiations with foreign countries.

That the Agreements with Denmark and Argentina should not, after their expiration, be continued in their present form, which is hampering both to Empire relationships and to British agriculture.

That British shipping should be protected against foreign subsidised competition.

And finally that in the revision of the Ottawa Agreements steps should be taken to secure, where necessary, that British agriculture and British industry should be safeguarded against undue competition from Empire countries.

On this last point the Committee says:—"There has not been in the past sufficient recognition of the magnitude and importance of British agriculture, which gives employment to five times as many people as those engaged in agriculture in New Zealand, and substantially more than the number so engaged in Australia, and about equal to the number so engaged in Canada. Our largest "export" market is rural Britain, and it is capable of very material expansion. Therefore, it is vital that its interests should receive the fullest possible consideration."

EMPIRE DIARY

Mar. 23—At 2.30 p.m. Lecture at the Imperial Institute, Canada: Water, Power, Mining and Transportation," by Harper Cory, illustrated by lantern slides and cinematographic films.

Apr. 3—Banquet in honour of H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester at Grosvenor House (7 for 8

p.m.), under auspices of combined Empire Societies.

Mar. 24-30—Imperial Institute Film Displays. "Food from the Empire"—Grain-growing areas of Western Canada; Production of tea in Assam; Sugar-growing, Natal and Zululand; New Zealand "Dairyland"; United Kingdom, "Our Herring Industry."

The "SATURDAY REVIEW" REGISTER OF SELECTED HOTELS LICENSED

BLACKPOOL.—Grand Hotel. H. & C. Fully licensed. Billiards. Very moderate terms.

BOWNESS-ON-WINDERMERE.—Rigg's Crown Hotel. Pens., 5 gns. to 7 gns. Golf, 14 miles; 3s. 6d. and 2s.; Yachting, fishing, hunting.

BURFORD, OXON.—The Lamb Hotel. Bed., 12; Rec., 3; Pens., 4 gns. to 5 gns. W.E., 15s. per day. Golf, Trout fishing, riding, hunting.

CAMBRIDGE.—Garden House Hotel, nr. Pembroke College. Pens., 3½ to 5 gns. W.E., 14s. to 17s. 6d. per day. Golf, 3 miles; boating, tennis.

CLOVELLY.—New Inn, High Street.—Bed., 30; Rec. 1. Pens., 5 to 6 gns. Golf, fishing, hunting, shooting, sea bathing, boating.

CONISTON, ENGLISH LAKES.—The Waterhead Hotel. Pens., from £5 10s. Golf, hunting, shooting, boating, putting green, tennis.

DULVERTON, Som. (border of Devon).—Lion Hotel. Pens., 4 gns. W.E., 12s. 6d. per day. Golf, 3 miles; Fishing, riding, hunting, tennis.

DUNDEE.—The Royal British Hotel is the best. H. & C. in all bedrooms. Restaurant. Managed by Proprietor. Phone: 5095.

HAMILTON, Lanarkshire, Scotland.—Royal Hotel. Bed., 12; Rec., 3. Pens., from 3 gns. W.E., 25s. Golf, 1 mile, 5s. per day. Tennis, bowls.

HAYWARDS HEATH, SUSSEX.—Birch Hotel. Bed., 23; Rec., 3. Pens., from 3 gns. to 4 gns. Golf, hunting, fishing, bathing, billiards.

ILFRACOMBE, DEVON.—Mount Hotel. Pens., from 3 gns. to 5 gns. Golf, fishing, boating, putting green, table tennis, tennis.

KIBWORTH.—The Rose and Crown. Kibworth, near Leicester. A.A., R.A.C. and B.F.S.S. appointed.

LANGOLLEN, Wales.—Grapes Hotel. Stay here for comfort, fishing and golf. H. & C.

PADSTOW, Cornwall.—Commercial Hotel. Good fishing, good golf, rocks. Tel.: "Cookson," Padstow.

PORTPATRICK, WIGTOWNSHIRE.—Portpatrick Hotel. Bed., 65. Pens., from 26s. Golf, boating, bathing, tennis.

RICHMOND, Surrey.—Star & Garter Hotel. England's historic, exquisite, romantic, social centre and Rendezvous.

SALISBURY, Wilts.—Cathedral Hotel. Up-to-date. H. & C. and radiators in bedrooms. Electric lift. Phone: 399.

SCARBOROUGH, YORKS.—Castle Hotel. Queen Street. Bed., 38. Pens., £3 12s. 6d. W.E., 21s. Golf, cricket, bowls, bathing.

TEIGNMOUTH, Devon.—Beach Hotel. H.R.A. Promenade. Excellent position. Moderate inclusive terms. Write for tariff.

WALTON-ON-NAZE.—Hotel Porto Bello, Walton-on-Naze. English catering, comfort and attention.

UNLICENSED

BLACKPOOL.—Empire Private Hotel. Facing Sea. Best part promenade. H. & C. all bedrooms. Lift to all floors. Phone 879.

BOURNEMOUTH.—Hotel Woodville, 14, Christchurch Road. 1st Class. Chef. Tennis, beach bungalow, garage 45 cars.

BRIGHTON.—Glencoe Private Hotel. 112 Marine Parade. Facing sea. Telephone 434711.

BRISTOL.—Cambridge House Hotel. Royal York Crescent, Clifton. Every comfort. Apply prop. L. V. Palmer.

DAWLISH, S. Devon.—Sea View Hotel, ex. Cuisine, every comfort. Write for Tariff. D. Bendaal, prop.

FOLKESTONE.—Devonshire House Hotel. Est. 34 years. E. light. Central heat. No extras. Tel. 3341.

GODALMING.—Farncombe Manor Hotel, Farncombe. Pens., 3 gns. Golf, 3 within 2 miles. Fishing, boating, putting green, tennis.

HASLEMERE, Surrey.—Whitwell Hatch—a Country House Hotel. H. & C. Gas fires in bedrooms. Phone 596.

HASTINGS.—Albany Hotel. Best position on the front. 120 rooms. Telephone 761, 762.

ILFRACOMBE.—Candar Hotel. Sea front. 80 bedrooms. Every modern comfort. Very moderate terms. Write for brochure.

ILFRACOMBE, Dilkusa.—Grand Hotel. Sea front. Cent. 110 bed. all with H. & C. Five large lounges. Dancing. Billiards.

INVERNESS.—Huntley Lodge Hotel. Mrs. J. Macdonald, proprietress.

LEAMINGTON Spa.—Spa Hotel, Holly Walk. Near gardens and pump room. H. & C. in bed. E. l. Gas fires. Billiards.

LONDON.—Arlington House Hotel, 1-3, Lexham Gardens, Cromwell Road, W.8. Rec., 4; Bed., 4; Pens., from 53s. 6d. to 5 gns.

LONDON.—Artillery Mansions Hotel, Westminster, S.W.1. 'Phone: Vic. 0867 and 2003. Bed., 200; Rec., 2. S., 15s. D., 27s. Pens., 5 gns. to 8 gns.

LONDON.—Bickenhall Private Hotel. Very comfortable. Cent. Sit. 9 min. Baker Street, 5 min. Oxford Street. Welbeck 3401.

LONDON.—Norfolk Residential Hotel, 80/2, Kensington Gardens Square, W.2. Bays. 3801-2. J. Ralph, prop.

LONDON.—Strathallan Hotel, 38, Bolton Gardens, S.W.5. Bed., 30; Pens., from 2½ gns. single, 5 gns. double. Ping pong, billiards.

PHILLACK, Hayle, Cornwall.—Rivière Hotel. Near sea, golf, H. & C. water in all rooms. Recommended A.A.

SOUTHSEA, HANTS.—Pendragon Hotel. Clarence Pier. Bed., 80. Rec., 2. Pens., 4 gns. W.E., 12s. 6d. per day.

HOTELS AND LODGINGS

MATLOCK.—SMEDLEY'S.—Gt. Britain's Greatest Hydro. For Health, Rest, or Pleasure. 270 Bedrooms, grounds 10 acres. Inclusive terms from 13s. per day. Illus. Prospectus free. Two Resident Physicians.

MIEDERS-IM-STUBAL, Tirol; 3,100 ft. up; 10 miles Innsbruck; beautiful Alpine scenery. Excellent cuisine; English spoken and English library. 7s. 6d.—8s. 6d., p.d. Special arrangements parties. Herr Beck, Hotel Lerchenhof.

MISCELLANEOUS

JOHN PEEL TWEEDS.—Woven from pure Cumberland Wool. Good wearing and weather resisting. Ideal for plus four suits. 10/6 a yard, 35/6 full suit length. Patterns sent without obligation. S. Redmayne & Sons Ltd., No. 24, Wigton, Cumberland.

PURE KENYA EMPIRE COFFEE.—1½ lb., 10 lbs. 10/-; 5 lbs. 5/6 post free. Freshly roasted—Wholeberry or Ground—lasting sample 3d. post free. Cash with order. Rowland Stinson & Co., 25, Tower Hill, London, E.C.3. Estab. 1865.

FLATS & HOUSES

FOR Unfurnished Flatlets and single Rooms in Mayfair, enquire 17, Curson Street.

TOP SECOND-FLOOR MAISONNETTE; lounge hall, two reception-rooms; five bedrooms, two bathrooms, good offices; lift; hot and cold water, Met. Co., gas; electric light and power; telephone; garage; Long Lease.—Apply Mrs. C. T., Marlow House, Kingston-on-Thames.

SCHOLASTIC

SEDBERGH SCHOOL

TEN ENTRANCE SCHOLARSHIPS, value £100 to £40, are offered for competition. Examination on June 7th and 8th in London or alternatively at Sedburgh. The **SHERIFF EXHIBITION** of £75 is also available, and several **EXHIBITIONS**, value £30 to £30, for boys whose parents are in need of financial assistance. Apply to the **HEADMASTER, SEDBERGH.**

THE LONDON ASSOCIATION OF CERTIFIED ACCOUNTANTS.

THE half-yearly **PRELIMINARY, INTERMEDIATE and FINAL EXAMINATIONS** will be held on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, the 4th, 5th, and 6th June next in London, Belfast, Birmingham, Bristol, Cardiff, Cork, Dublin, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Hull, Leeds, Liverpool, Manchester, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Nottingham, Plymouth and Sheffield. Entries should be received on, or before, the 1st April. Further particulars may be obtained from the offices of the Association at 50, Bedford Square, London, W.C.1.

LEAMINGTON HIGH SCHOOL FOR GIRLS, Warwickshire. Individual needs carefully considered. Boarding House in good situation. Domestic Science Department. Six-acre playing-field. Head Mistress: Miss D. A. Sweet, M.A. (Cantab.).

LEYS SCHOOL, CAMBRIDGE Examinations will be held in March and in June for the award of the following **SCHOLARSHIPS AND EXHIBITIONS:** Six of £100 a year; two of £75; two of £50 and four of between £25 and £40 a year.—Further information may be obtained from the Bursar.

PERSONAL

ACCURATE TYPEWRITING.—Stories, 10d. 1,000 words; Carbon, 2d., Poems, 2d., qto. page; Carbon id.; Plays, 3d. page; Carbon id. Statistical Work, Reports, etc. G. 75, Penton Road, S.W.8.

FOR Sale, Fine Old Heniton Applique Court Train; bargain, £7 10s. Extremely fine choice Old English Needlework Court Train; bargain, £5. Rare Engravings, set of 24; crests, escutcheons, old nobility (English); price £20.—Write "A. H. S.", 27a, Elizabeth Street, S.W.1.

LAVENDER Croft, Hitchin, Herts. The ideal home for the tired, aged, or infirm. Terms very moderate. Phone: Hitchin 618.

MEMBERSHIP of the INCOME TAX SERVICE BUREAU brings relief.—Address, Sentinel House, Southampton Row, London, W.C.1.

"SPRING DIETING."—Take a **VITAMIN DIET CURE** in March at Lady Margaret's (Fruitarian), Doddington, Kent.

MIDDLE-aged Gentleman seeks position as Secretary. Companion. Travelled, plays Bridge and Chess. Box A.6. Saturday Review.

ART GALLERIES

EPSTEIN'S "BEHOLD THE MAN!" and other new works in sculpture, also Exhibitions of paintings by CERIA, **LEICESTER GALLERIES, Leicester Sq., 10-6. 1/-.**

The Fall in Rubber

(By Our City Editor)

WHILE the result of the Official Receiver's inquiry into the affairs of James & Shakspeare, Ltd., is still awaited it is, perhaps, natural that of the restricted commodities Tin should hold the centre of the stage. But in other directions restriction is undergoing a severe test, with success or failure hanging in the balance. In the cases both of Rubber and Tea there is growing discontent among the producers at the failure of restriction to achieve its first object, namely, to maintain a price remunerative to the planters. Rubber has declined steadily from well over 7d. per lb. to under 5½d., and it should be at once noted that the fall in price is the cause of anxiety rather than the actual position of the commodity which, apart from any unlooked-for decline in U.S. consumption, is generally regarded as sound.

For a while the uncertainty of the "Gold Clause" decision held up demand and let the Bears get a foothold which has been made firmer by reports of a setback in the American motor-trade's consumption. Then the increasing doubts as to Belgium's ability to adhere to the gold standard have proved a further Bear point and manufacturers have in consequence not been in any haste to enter the declining market.

Rise in Costs

Surely the commodity has now reached the stage when the International Regulation Committee should take a hand. The export quota for the next six months has already been fixed, but the Committee's decision can at any time be altered, and the announcement of a 5 per cent. "cut" in the quota to operate immediately would have the effect of frightening the Bears and putting a stop to their operations in the future. Costs were only reduced to their 1933-34 level by tremendous sacrifices by the planters. Such conditions could not remain indefinitely, and some of the wage and other "cuts" have already been restored. Estate costs, especially in Malaya, have increased on the expectation of a higher return on the commodity and owing to the imposition of reduced production. In the Dutch East Indies, with the difficulty of the high exchange to take into account, profits must be impossible with Rubber under 6d. The Dutch Minister, Dr. Colijn, has stated that he wishes to meet his budget requirements with the aid of an export tax on Rubber, and this will no doubt uphold the price should Holland abandon gold.

Statistical experts estimate a reduction of stocks this year by some 100,000 tons, but unless something is done to lift the price the Regulation Scheme will be in serious jeopardy before the reduction in stocks can be achieved. In favour of the Tin Committee's action, it may be said that they obtained strict control over the position.

Whether this control was used to the best advantage is another matter. In the cases of the Rubber and Tea Committees control has never actually been obtained.

In the face of these difficulties it is not easy to visualise the outlook for Rubber shares, but most of these have now declined to levels at which a purchase looks more attractive than a sale. It may even be ventured that Rubbers, at their present prices, are the most interesting section of the speculative markets.

The "Prudential"

Though the business of the Prudential Assurance Company showed expansion over all branches last year, the Industrial Branch claims most attention, for the "Prudential" is a household name in this country nowhere more than in the homes where Industrial Life Assurances are effected. At last week's meeting of the "Prudential," Sir Edgar Horne, the Chairman, was able to point proudly to the improvement in Industrial assurance conditions which they had brought about, culminating in the declaration for the past year of reversionary bonuses on all policies in the industrial branch, including those issued even sixty or seventy years ago, although the company's profit-sharing scheme was not introduced until 1907.

There were, the Chairman mentioned, 1,245,831 policies in force issued prior to 1889, assuring a total of £15,023,266; the permanent bonus additions to these sums assured amounted in the aggregate to £6,299,704—a notable achievement of which he was proud. The total allocated to Industrial Branch policyholders since the inception of the company's profit-sharing scheme is no less than £38,756,000. In the Ordinary Branch new business constituted a record at over £25,500,000, and in the general branch premium income exceeded £3,000,000 for the first time, so that it will be seen what widespread progress the company made last year. As the Chairman was able to state after a review of the investment position, "at the present time the financial position of your company is stronger than at any time in its long history."

Law Land Results

The old-established Law Land Company continues to strengthen its position steadily despite the difficulties connected with Central London property ownership, and last year revenue was some £5,000 higher at £242,856. The sum of £9,229 is placed to leaseholds redemption and the ordinary dividend of 9 per cent. is repeated, leaving £11,901 to be carried forward against £11,649 brought in from 1933. A special reserve of £25,000 is set up for writing down certain of the company's flat properties, and £21,037 is transferred from general reserve for this purpose, the balance being taken from sums previously allocated to contingencies certain of which have ceased to exist.